The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXI MAY, 1934 No. 5

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI MAY, 1934 No. 5

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On Mother's Day

By Mabel S. Harmer

Today you brought me roses and choice gifts,
Dear ones—you did not know
From memory's storehouse came more precious ones
Given long ago.

The touch of baby arms about my neck
When eventide was near,
The smile that struggled for supremacy
Over a wilful tear.

The night that John had hurt his arm
And hid his childish woe
Into a pillow with his stifled sobs
That mother might not know.

The day that Nancy, radiant with young love
Sat smiling at my feet
And whispered of the joy that now was hers,
So old—yet ever sweet!

Flowers, however fair, will droop and fade,
Their moment quickly goes,
But golden hours you gave will always live—
Far lovelier than the rose!

CHERRY TREES IN BLOOM

Glen Perrins

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI MAY, 1934 No. 5

"Little Pretty Pocket Book"

By Florence Ivins Hyde

The material for this article has been gleaned from encyclopedias, histories, magazine articles and pamphlets by Miss Caun of the American Library Association

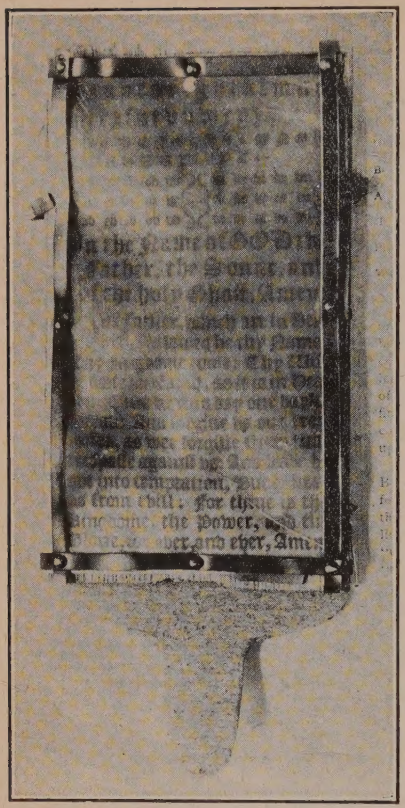
THE awarding of the first Newbery Prize in 1922 gave rise to a new interest not only in literature for children, but in John Newbery, himself. Students were led to search old bookshops and records here and in Europe for the story of the evolution of juvenile books, which proved to be as romantic and fascinating a story as any in literature. The beginning of the story for the purpose of teaching is lost in antiquity, but the development of juvenile books can be traced by several definite landmarks.

THE first implement for teaching children to read was known as the Horn Book. It was a leaf of paper about 3 in. in width by 5 in. in length, containing the alphabet, some letter combinations, and the Lord's Prayer, mounted on wood with a hole for a string which fastened it to the girdle. The paper was covered with a piece of transparent horn (to save it from being "spoiled by the wet and dirty fingers of the little ones") fastened to the wood by brass edging and small nails. This little Horn-Book is what the poet Cowper described as—

"Neatly secured from being soiled or torn,
Beneath a pane of thin transparent horn,
A book to please us at our tender age.
'Tis called a book (though but a single page),
Presents the prayer our Saviour deigned to teach,
Which children use, and parsons when they preach."

This Horn-Book was the type used by the common folk but for the aristocracy, the wooden backs were sometimes covered with stamped leather or silver, or made of bone, ivory, or other fine substitute. At the top of the page was a cross for at that time the children were all good Catholics and at the beginning of each lesson they were taught to cross themselves and say, "God speed me, A, B, C."

Until the art of printing became perfected, these little Horn Books were made by using wood cuts for both the letters and illustrations. When the first English Primers were printed this original Horn Book formed the first page and so it be-



THE HORN BOOK

came the germ from which all subsequent primers have developed. The Pilgrim fathers brought it to America with them. There is a record of one clergyman who had the crosses erased before he passed them out. Now, they are exceedingly rare, only three or four specimens being in this country. One sold in London in 1865 for $350.

From this the famous New England Primer developed. It is said that there never was printed a work in America without any claim to inspiration, whose influence in its day was so extended as that of this book, which for a century and a half was the first book in religion and morals, as well as in learning and in literature. It was called the "Little Bible of New England." It contained hymns, prayers, proverbs, etc. The following quotations are taken from the first page:

"Children obey your Parents in the Lord, for this is right."

"God will have no time to save us, if we find no day to serve him."

"Shall we have six days in seven and God not one?"

Children, probably, liked better to read such verses as these:

"The dog will bite the thief at night," or

"An idle fool is whipped at school."

Children, perhaps, didn't enjoy so much hearing the teacher say, "Stand up and say your catechism," for if the child had been idle and had not learned it, he was likely to feel the whip about his legs or the pinchers on his ears; and he might even spend the rest of the day on the dunce stool. This primer was compiled by Ministers of the gospel for the children of Puritan parents as is indicated by this rhyme on the last page:

"Thus end the days of woeful youth,
Who wont obey nor mind the truth;
Nor hearken to what preachers say,
But do their parents disobey.
They in their youth go down to hell,
Unto eternal wrath to dwell
Many don't live out half their days,
For cleaving unto sinful ways."

THE next landmark was known as the Battledore, which was printed on cardboard and folded down the middle. These little books contained fables, stories, pictures, and reading lessons such as the following: "I pray God to bless my Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters, and all my Good Friends, and my Enemies. Amen."

"He that learns not his A, B, C,
Forever will a Blockhead be,
But he that learns his letters fair,

Shall have a coach to take the Air." They were sold at one penny each, plain, and two pence, colored.

THEN followed the little Chap Books, so called because they were sold from door to door by Chapmen or traveling Peddlers. They were first printed in the latter part of the eighteenth century, but many of the crude illustrations date from a hundred years before that time and the stories, themselves, are often still older. Many thousands of these little books were sold, for they were the only literature of the people, old and young, for many years. They, too, are very rare. As long ago as the time of Sir Walter Scott, he wrote, "These books, once sold at the low and easy price of a half-penny, are now worth their weight in gold." The finest collection in America is owned by Harvard College.

BEFORE this time, children's books had had education rather than entertainment for their main purpose. It remained for John Newbery to make use of the little Chap Books for entertainment. He is called the "Father of Children's Literature" because he was the first bookseller to make the business of children's books important. He was born in 1713 in a small village in England. While a boy he read all the books he could obtain, and, although he had little schooling, he became a very good English scholar. He was not satisfied with being a farmer as his father had been, but went to work as an apprentice to the editor of a newspaper, laying the foundation for his later work as a publisher. In his own bookshop in London, called the "Bible and Crown," John Newbery published a book under the intriguing title, "Little Pretty Pocket Book," which so far as it is known, was the first book ever published solely for children, and for which he became famous. On the frontispiece appeared the words, "Instruction With Delight," but written in Latin. This was a bold inscription for those times for no one before had dared to suggest that children's books should give them delight.

Other books which have since become children's classics, such as Aesop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver's Travels, had been written much earlier, some at least two centuries before. They, however, were not written for children but, rather for adults. John Newbery was the only person of his day to establish a permanent shop for the publication of juvenile books, and the first publisher to issue them for the "enjoyment of children."

"Not only was the subject matter of his books important to Newbery, but he was also particular about their form. Some of them were bound in plain calf, with an open back in green vellum and green paper. Many of them were strongly bound in gilt and flowered Dutch paper. This was rather thin with floral patterns in red, blue, green, and gold. All the coloring was, apparently, done by hand. The covers when new, looked very gay; but as they aged, they faded out, so that they gave the effect of old chintz; and later they turned to mahogany brown." The secret process by which this paper was made has long since been lost.

This typical newspaper advertisement indicates that Newbery understood well the art of advertising: "This day was published Nurse Trueloves New Year's Gift, or the book of books for children adorned with cuts, and designed as a present for the very little boy who would become a great man and ride upon

a fine horse; and to every little girl who would become a great woman, and ride in a lord-mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the author, who has ordered these books to be given gratis to all little boys and girls, at the Bible and Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, they paying for the binding, which is only twopence each book."

For the first time in history, through the effort of Newbery, writers of distinction became interested in children's things. Such men as Oliver Goldsmith and some of the finest artists of the time, wrote and complied with Newbery, juvenile books. Very few of them remain. "Goody Two Shoes" is best known to us. It was written by Goldsmith about 1766. The original manuscript was placed in the Vatican at Rome. On the frontispiece the publisher has written, "for the benefit of those

Who from a state of rags and care,
And having shoes but half a pair,
Their fortune and their fame would fix,
And gallop in a coach and six."

Another little book, "Mother Goose's Melody," was compiled by Oliver Goldsmith. The binding is in Gilt Pattern Dutch paper used to "gild the pill" of knowledge. On the front page is the following:

Mother Goose Melody;
or
Sonnets for the cradle.
In Two Parts,

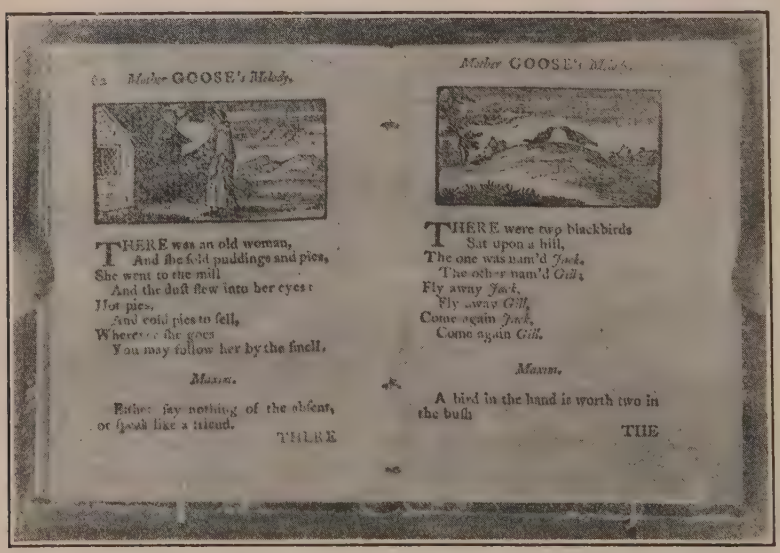
Part I. Contains the most celebrated songs and lullabies of the Old British Nurses, calculated to amuse children and to excite them to sleep.

Part II. Those of the sweet songster and Nurse of Wit and Humor, Master William Shakespeare.

Embellished with cuts and Illustrated with Notes and Maxims, Historical, Philosophical, and Critical.

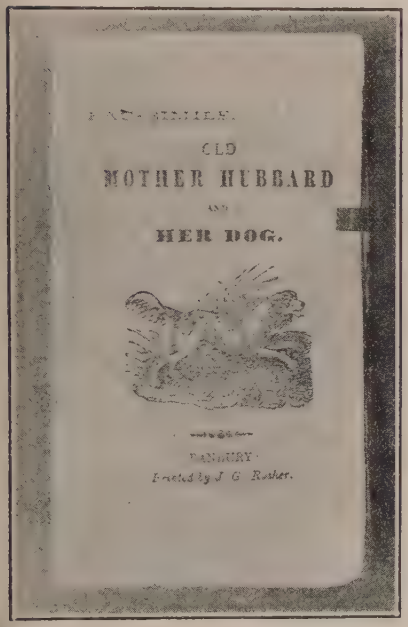
Some of the rhymes and maxims are coarse and free, like the humor of the time, but some are really funny, and some are wise as, "The surest way to gain our end is to moderate our desires." And some are very fine such as, "Hark, Hark, the Lark."

This is the original collection of rhymes and jingles of Mother Goose from which all other editions have sprung.


Mother GOOSE's Melody.
THERE was an old woman,
And she'd old puddings and pies,
She went to the mill
And the dust flew into her eyes:
Hot pies,
And cold pies to sell,
Wherever she goes
You may follow her by the smell.
Mamm.
Either say nothing of the absent,
or speak like a friend.
THERE
Mother GOOSE's Melody.
THERE were two blackbirds
Sat upon a hill,
The one was nam'd Jack,
The other nam'd Gill,
Fly away Jack,
Fly away Gill,
Come again Jack,
Come again Gill.
Mamm.
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush
THE

THE Old Woman and Her Pig" was the original "Toy Book," published by John Newbery. All these little books are charming in color as well as in design and it is sometimes questioned whether we realize as well as the publishers of old the value of simplicity in books for the young. The illustrations are done in colors of red, blue, green, yellow, with plenty of white spaces and not too much design.

THESE quaint little penny books are highly prized today. The

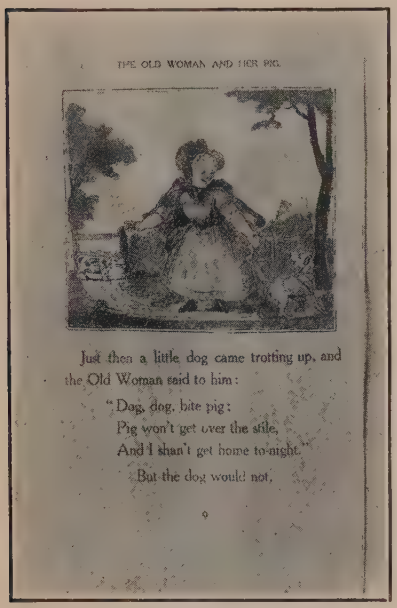


originals are owned by only the great and rich collectors. Mr. Charles Welch, an American publisher, has spent large sums of money duplicating these rare old books for the children of this country. Helen Martin has written, "To the child of the eighteenth century, life was pictured as a harsh time. Into the midst of this dreary scene came John Newbery. Charming little books, all flowery and gilt, created by some of the great of the day, were published and sold in the shop of this "genial friend of all mankind." On shelves close at hand, as though to complete the circle of childhood's pleasures, were shining new red balls, blue pincushions, gay green tops. Smiling, indulgent mothers were drawn into this colorful shop by pantaletted, organdie-gowned little girls, or sedate, black-dressed little boys, who sighed for "Goody Two Shoes" or "Tommy Trip." When John Newbery died, he had participated in a literary revolution; he had encouraged the best authors of the day to write for children; he had attracted the parents into buying these gay little books for their children; he had introduced the children, themselves, to the joys of reading and the pleasant ownership of books."

THIS, then, was John Newbery's contribution to child welfare. 154 years after his death, as a means of encouraging the writing of more worthwhile books for children by authors of real ability, it was proposed by members of the American Library Association, that a medal be awarded each year for the best children's book published. It was fitting that the medal be called the "John Newbery Medal" in honor of, as they said, "the Bookseller who seems to have been the first to realize that children have reading interests of their own, and who sought to meet their needs by finding authors to write for them."

The medal is done on bronze. On one side are a man with a book, and two children. On the other side, around the edge are the words, "John Newbery Medal. Awarded annually by the Children's section of the American Library Association. In the center is an open book with the inscription, "For the Most Distin-

guished Contribution to American Literature for Children." It was designed by a young American ex-service man, Rene Paul Chambellan.


THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.
Just then a little dog came trotting up, and the Old Woman said to him:
"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."
But the dog would not.

Eleven Newbery awards have been made in the following order:

The Story of Mankind—Hendrick Van Loon 1922
The Voyages of Dr. Doolittle—Hugh Lofting 1923
The Dark Frigate—Charles B. Hawes 1924
Tales from Silver Lands —Charles J. Finger 1925
Shen of the Sea—Arthur Chrisman 1926
Smoky—Will James.....1927
Gay Neck—Dhan Gopal Mukerji 1928
The Trumpeter of Krakow—Eric P. Kelly 1929
Hitty—Rachel Field 1930
The Cat Who Went to Heaven —Elizabeth Coatsworth 1931
Waterless Mountain—Laura.. Adams Armer 1932
Young Fu 1933

Mr. Coryell's criticism of one of them is true of all; that it "is worth reading because it widens the mental horizon and deepens the spiritual understanding of its readers by the glimpse that it gives of life as it really is in the far away or long ago. The boy or girl who reads the book lives for the time being in a different world with the satisfied feeling of having gone places and done things." Most of them can be read by children and adults with equal interest.

(*To be Continued*)

The Universal Mother

A DRAMATIZATION FOR USE IN A MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

By Mary Grant Judd

For the opening music a chorus of young girls' voices (off stage) sings "The Call of Womanhood," from Beehive girls Handbook.

Introduction

At eventide in philosophic mood,
I pondered on that high calling of Motherhood.
I seemed to see the universal Mother.

In difference phase and circumstance
She came before my view
And yet did ever represent
The common lot of all—
The gift of life,
In which she plays a part;
The toil she knows,
The faith which she instills,
The patience growing out of trial,
And last of all the wisdom coming with the years.

Vocal solo, "Cradle Song," by Kate Vannah. (Beesley Music Company, 61 South Main St., Salt Lake City—Price 50c.)

As the lullaby concludes the curtains part, discovering a young mother bending over a baby in a cradle. The music, softly played, continues while "The Young Mother" is read.

THE YOUNG MOTHER

She holds the torch of life aloft and carries on,
Full well she knows the price it costs to keep the flame aglow.
And if it smoulders, dies, her very breath she gives
To fan it into life again. She is the link
'Twixt ages past and those which are to come.
Her part of God's great plan was known before earth-life began.
And should she falter, flinch or turn aside
From path of thorns, redemptions' plan
Could not be consummate.
She knows the price. Ah, yes!
The price in pain, in fear, in sacrifice.
But, too, she knows the recompense.
Her great reward the clasp of chubby arms about her neck,
The loving smile, the trusting hand in hers,
The peace surpassing understanding in her heart,
The sense of duty done that in her stirs.

Music, "Come, Come Ye Saints," played, or sung, softly off stage.

The second tableau shows a woman in pioneer dress, one child in her arms, another tugging at her skirts. Covered wagon, etc., in background. ("The Pioneer Mother" is read without music.)

The Pioneer Mother

Hail to Thee, brave wife! Amongst brave mothers
How courageous Thou! Who took thy lonely trek
Across the trackless plains. Who left behind
Those comforts dear to woman heart.
Who stood beside thy mate, and faltered not.
Who helped to plan, to build, to realize
The dream that had been his. Our heritage
We owe to thee and him. And ever thou shalt typify
That courage which is part of mother hearts,
That willingness to toil, to serve,
With never thought of self,
Of which all mother love is made.

Music appropriate for missionaries sung off stage. A male quartet humming "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," is good.

Tableau shows mother on one side of the stage, son standing back of pulpit on extreme opposite side.

THE MISSIONARY MOTHER

How big are mother hearts!
How all embracing mother love can be!
Not only for her own is she concerned,
But towards those others waiting, as in night,
She yearns. And willingly her son as envoy sends,
To guide them towards the light.
Her missionary boy looks back to her,
And seems to say as bard of old;
"And she of whom you speak
My mother, looks as whole as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves;
One, not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men."

(From Tennyson's "Princess.")

Vocal Solo, "Resignation," by Caro Roma. (Beesley Music Co., 61 South Main St., Salt Lake City—Price 40c.)

In fourth scene a sort of altar (may be draped steps) is placed backstage. The Gold Star Mother enters, carrying a sword and a formal wreath; she walks slowly and reverently to the altar and places the symbols upon it.

THE GOLD STAR MOTHER

When on her country's altar, the gold-star mother laid
Her precious sacrifice, then motherhood was sanctified
With chastening sorrow's load. As one of old who gave a son
Her anguished heart cried out: "How hard to travel Calvary's road;
Yet depth of soul results, and understanding heart
While resignation bows her head in prayer:
"The Lord hath given;
The Lord doth take away:
But blessed be his name."

Fifth tableau shows Grandmother seated in arm chair, with sewing, etc.

THE GRAND-MOTHER

And her we call *Grand*-mother! How fitting is that name.
Serene and wise she looks on life, nor let's its petty cares
Affect her calm, untroubled soul. A glad philosophy is hers;
Long, long ago she learned that all comes right at last.
Her sons and daughters go to her, she helps them bear their trials,
For well she knows that life in any age is largely
Repetition of the past. The children too are drawn to her,
In that dear presence bask, as flowers in the sun.
She guides, directs, advises, and blesses every one.

In the concluding picture each mother re-enters as the reader mentions her, and walks to the Grandmother, who has remained seated. The five mothers thus grouped form the final picture. The reader turns from the mothers directly to her audience on the final verse.

FINALE

With grave responsibility is fraught, the mother's task,
So to a higher source she looks for aid.

And may the one who sees the sparrows fall,
Be not unmindful of her need.

For her we pray the vigor of the youthful mother,
And too, the courage of the pioneer,
The resignation symbolized by golden star,
The faith of missionary mother, and the zeal.

And for us all, we ask the help to be
What they would have us be—real sisters, brothers—
And thus to pay, if only in a part,
The debt we owe to them, our angel mothers.

The Living Flame

By Vesta P. Crawford

SHEILA flattened her nose against the window pane. Her mother, watching, could see only the back of the child's head, a mass of hair so fine that its shining strands were a golden maze.

"I can't see anything," said the little girl. "Not anything!"

The mother moved to the window. "See, Sheila, all those tall buildings with windows that look like a thousand eyes in the high gray walls."

"Buildings aren't anything."

"But look, there are people. A little girl. Can you see her down there? She has a red cap. She takes a few small steps and then a little skip, just as you do."

"She doesn't look like Midge. Oh, Mama, can you remember Midge?" Sheila turned from the window, her brown eyes glowing. "Oh, if I could just see Midge for one little minute. Remember how she carried her doll under one arm. It had a blue print dress."

"Would you like to write Midge a letter?"

"No. I can't tell her anything that we are doing. We aren't doing anything. We don't know anyone. Cities are too big. Too far away."

Margaret Ashton, holding back the blue window drapes with slender hands, looked at the blank walls and the staring windows and the street below.

"Mamma, would you mind very much if I cried just a little. Not more than five minutes. It's for Midge mostly."

Margaret came to her swiftly and put her arms around the little quivering body. She understood too well. She wanted to cry, too.

"Mostly for Midge. I wonder if she still lives on the corner across from the Sunday School House. Not loud crying, mumsy, and just the fewest tears."

Margaret searched desperately for something comforting to say. Strange how she must say something to make Sheila feel better when she was so desperately lonely herself.

"Sheila, let's play a game. We'll imagine that daddy had never been transferred to this big city at all. We'll play that he is still engineer for the power plant back in Watsonville."

"How do we play that?" A faint glint of interest glowed in the velvet brown eyes. Sheila lifted her head but the little pointed chin still quivered.

Well, for right now, we'll play we were back home again on the shady street. I'll describe it first. Then you describe."

"And let's compare home things with what we can see out of this very window. Begin, mumsy."

Margaret settled back into the soft depths of a rust-red chair. The folds of her pale yellow dress were light and lacy and her small hands moved up and down on the dark mohair.

"Well, in the first place it's morning time. The steep hills east of Watsonville are blue-gray and ever so misty. Veiled, they are, and exactly the color of the furthest building that you can see from here. And the fields at the end of the street are as golden as that gleaming window where the sun strikes. The grass along the street is green, mostly green. But it is worn some in places where little girls play or sit and cut paper dolls in the long afternoon."

"Mumsy, the rope from the swing hangs down, worn out and raggedy like. It broke the day I was nine, just before we moved. The zinnias are on the east side of the house and they are so—so many colored against the white wall. The roof of the house is red. It has exactly four front steps. That's how I learned to count. Now you, mumsy."

"It is about five o'clock on Tuesday. Mama has been to Relief Society meeting and she is sitting on the front porch thinking that it is time to get dinner. Then she sees Sheila coming home from Primary. Look out of the window now, Sheila, look at this very street. The little girl in red is you. See, she's tall like you and slender, and the other two little girls are friends of yours, little girls you play with.

"No, mumsy. People don't play with me, here."

"Sheila, you forgot. We're in Watsonville."

"Oh, yes. Imagination is hard when you know it just can't happen. But I'll try. Look, mumsy, look now. Two ladies are coming down the street. One is tall and she wears a brown suit and a hat with a buckle —see it shine, on one side. The other one is little, like you, mumsy, just wispy, and she's wearing blue. We'll play they are Relief Society teachers. And see, just see! There's a little girl with them. She looks like Midge. She does! Oh—oh—she looks just too much like Midge ——"

Margaret drew the long-legged little girl up into her arms and buried her face in the shining hair. If only they hadn't come so far away. If they hadn't had to leave their friends. If they could just have in this city one little scrap of something like home, just a shred of something familiar.

"Oh, mumsy, she did look like Midge. I can't play the imagining game any more. It hurts worse than to just do nothing at all."

Margaret felt hot tears run down over her hands that cupped the little face. Again she searched desperately for something to say. Oh, for one illuminating thought.

THEN the door bell rang with a reverberating jingle. It echoed in the still room.

"It couldn't be anybody at all," sobbed Sheila.

Margaret arose unsteadily. Her hand trembled on the door knob. She opened the door slowly.

"How do you do." Then she stepped back with amazement in her eyes. Why these were Sheila's ladies! The ones she had seen on the street, the tall one in brown and the wispy one in blue. And there was the little girl that looked like Midge —just her size. Straight brown hair. Sea blue eyes. So like Midge.

Sheila sat upright in her chair, her back tense. Then she tiptoed quietly to her mother's side, half hiding.

The woman in brown held out her hand. "Sister Ashton, we are Relief Society teachers. I am Sister Allen and this is Sister Bronson."

"Relief Society Teachers!" Margaret Ashton swayed a little. It was too unbelievable. "Here!" she exclaimed, "why I didn't know there was a branch of the Church here."

Margaret motioned them to chairs. Sister Bronson, the wispy woman in blue explained, "There isn't a real branch, but we few sisters who are members have a Relief Society. We want you to become acquainted with us, for we are your neighbors."

"Do you live near?"

"Oh, no. Miles away on the other side of the city. But Relief Society sisters are neighbors the world over."

Margaret settled back into her chair. A great contentment engulfed her. Almost she was sitting in her little house back in Watsonville with the dark mountain spires a vista through her window.

Sister Allen held a magazine in her hand, but she did not open it. "Our topic for today is: 'For your Father, who is in heaven, knoweth that you have need of all these things.'"

What great need she had felt. Oh, the unifying, comforting power of the simple words. Someone remembered her even in a strange city far from home. Someone had sought her out. Suddenly she thought that neighborliness and love were like a shining girdle around the world and the Relief Society teachers walked along that shining path.

At the window Sheila stood with the little girl, their hands linked together, brown head close against the shining golden one. The little girl probably belonged to the tall woman dressed in brown, Margaret thought.

Sister Allen spoke again. Her voice was low and friendly. "The Church, you know, is a living flame that seeks us out wherever we are and lights our way."

That was it. Margaret's face glowed with some of that inner fire. The Church organizations, she thought, were reflections from that central living flame. And the Relief Society sisters were truly bearers of the glowing spark.

An Ode to Mothers

By Mary E. S. Abel

Dearest Mother! Earth was not her goal—
It's vanities and wealth. Her soul
Was on the things of God. Her great delight
Was to do the things well pleasing in His sight.

Unbounded joy was hers when she could see
Her children, clothed in sweet humility,
Seeking His ways. Her cup of joy ran o'er.
'Twas all she asked of them. She craved no more.

O Mother, could you feel and know
How much we prize your life with us below
Your sweet example, your faith sincere,
You'd feel "'Twas not in vain," sweet mother dear.

Your prayers of faith have reached our Father's Throne
And brought the greatest joy to mortals known.
Your faith, your true devotion makes us see
That God was kind to grant us such as thee.

Your memory is the sweetest thought we claim
For you we dearly love and bless your name.
And hope to live that your expectations may
Be realized in that Eternal day.

The Relief Society Conference

April 4 and 5, 1934

By Julia A. F. Lund, Gen. Secy.

THE Annual Conference of the Relief Society was held April 4 and 5, 1934, in Salt Lake City, Utah. President Louise Y. Robison presided.

The following sessions were held: an Officers' Meeting for General, Stake and Mission Officers; three Department Meetings; a Reception for Stake and Mission Officers; a Breakfast for Stake and Mission Presidents; two General Sessions in the Tabernacle; and an Institute of Arts and Crafts, for Stake Work and Business Leaders. All the meetings proved to be most instructive and satisfactory.

The Conference was well attended by enthusiastic workers from 103 of the Stakes, and from the Mexican Mission and nine of the Missions in the United States. The following is the attendance at the Officers' Meeting, held in the Auditorium of the Bishop's Building, Wednesday, April 4, at 10 a. m.: Mission Presidents 10; Stake Presidents 78; Counselors 110; Secretary-Treasurers 45; Board Members 333; total 576.

The music was under the direction of the Music Committee of the General Board. The Relief Society singers, with the very able leadership of Mrs. Charlotte Owen Sackett, were excellent, while the superb organ music, rendered by Frank Asper, lifted these features of the Conference program to a high degree of inspiration and artistry.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

WEDNESDAY MORNING

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

IT is a wonderful sight to see all of you sisters, many of you having come from a great distance.

We have a number of new stake presidents and officers, whom we greet. We have a bit of a heart-ache that some of the fine sisters who have met with us for many years are not here this morning.

We have had a most beautiful response from all of the stakes. I think 102 out of the 105 have answered the questionnaires, which have been most enlightening, and we have received valuable information from them.

I must tell you how thankful we are for you and for your loyal, supporting spirit, and for the wonderful work that you have carried on during the last six months. No matter how much we have asked you to do (and we have asked a great deal since last October), we have never had a failure on your part, so we want to thank you and to pray that the Lord will bless us during this conference.

I have been in the Temple several times lately, and always with a prayer in my heart that our Father in Heaven would graciously give us a rich outpouring of His Spirit. I believe the thing we need now most of anything in the world, is the Spirit of God, to enable us to meet life with trust and faith.

I pray that you will get what you need during this conference, and those of you who have come with trouble in your hearts, and I know you have, will find comfort. I pray that our Heavenly Father will lift these troubles, and give you courage to go on, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

JULIA A. F. LUND,

General Secretary

IT gives me great pleasure, Sisters, to give you the following summarized report of the Relief Society for the year 1933. The complete report will be published in the May issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Total balance on hand, January 1, 1933, $132,681.71; Total Receipts during 1933, $207,014.53; Total Balance on Hand and Receipts, $339,696.24; Paid for Charitable Purposes, $83,853.27; Total Disbursements, $211,362.21; Total Balance, December 31, 1933, $128,-334.03; Total Assets, $969,648.20; Ward Conferences Held, 1,423; Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers, 918,663; Number Special Visits to Sick and Homebound, 220,188. Membership in 1932, 67,382; in 1933, 68,796, an increase of 1,414; the membership includes: Executive and Special Officers, 11,372; Visiting Teachers, 24,144; Other Members, 33,280. Average attendance, 1932, 28,790, in 1933, 32,485, an increase of 3,695. Paid for Charitable Purposes in 1932, $111,343.23, in 1933, $83,853.27, a decrease of $27,-489.96.

I would like to call special attention to the fact that while we have not, from our organization, spent so much money for charity, the service angle of the organization has greatly increased, showing that the sisters are keenly alive to their responsibilities in the matter of our work.

Relief Society Libraries

Jennie B. Knight, Member of the General Board

A SPEAKER at a recent convention described a situation similar to this, aptly, when she said that she was reminded of the delightful story "Alice in Wonderland" and the famous lines, "The time had come the walrus said, to talk of many things, of ships and shoes and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings." Among the many interesting things that we are to discuss this morning are the Relief Society libraries.

When women are shown the needs of a community, they arise to the occasion to meet that need, whether it be for food or clothes or books. Other women's organizations as well as our own are renewing their effort to supply books to be read by the people of the community.

According to a recent report of a Library Association of America held in Chicago last year, 38% of the population of the United States are without library service of any sort. A gratifying discovery in the survey by the library committee disclosed that book circulation has increased 40% in the past three years. More young people than old, more uneducated than educated people use libraries. Aliens read more seriously than United States born. Is this not significant of a growing need for in-

creased library service and a challenge to every community?

We are satisfied that the efforts of our officers and class leaders are responsible in a measure, for the increased numbers of library users in our section of the country. We desire to compliment them on their successes and know that the many fine things now begun will continue.

Speaking of public libraries, we urge that our women take more interest in them and do more reading than ever before. We wish also to express our sincere appreciation to the librarians who have been instrumental in securing the text books for our reading courses and placing them on the reserved shelves in the libraries.

We are gratified at the information given in our recent survey of the library situation in our Relief Societies. We especially appreciate those reports which gave definite information in answer to the questions, "Have you done anything towards establishing libraries?" "What method do you use?" We find almost a unanimous opinion that the library project is worth while and in the report there is an expression of willingness, and an anxiety to have more and better Relief Society Ward Libraries throughout the Stakes. We have replies from a hundred and one Stakes.

12 reported that special instructions concerning libraries had been given to the wards since the conventions of 1933.
7 reported "not much has been accomplished."
8 reported nothing had been done about the matter.
19 stakes had Relief Society libraries in all of the wards.
42 stakes have libraries in one or more wards.
19 stakes have stake but not ward libraries.
8 stakes have both ward and stake libraries.
11 stakes have Relief Society books on shelves in their public libraries.
3 reported books in school, seminary or Parent Teachers' library.
30 stakes reported no Relief Society libraries, of these five gave as their reason, access to splendid public libraries.
10 stakes reported having no access to any libraries of any sort and very few books in their societies.

One stake reported "Two years ago we used all of our books in the way of a traveling library, giving ten books to a ward for a month. Much reading was done by our women, it was also gratifying to our librarian who took the score for record of books read."

Which of all our stakes would like to have said of it, that in proportion to its membership it is the most bookless stake in the Church! How much more we would all like to have it said of us, that our stake furnishes "The best reading for the largest number at the least cost."

We cite particularly the method adopted by the Cache stake, which has been a great success, a detailed account of which may be found in the *Relief Society Magazine,* Vol. 20, page 43.

One of the first steps in establishing a library, is to provide a suitable place to keep the books, a shelf or shelves, where they can be seen is better than a box. Then some system of cataloguing the books is necessary, this may be done alphabetically, by authors, or by subjects. All books should be listed either on cards or in a record book. A card 5 inches by 3 inches with the author's name and title of the book written at the top may be placed in each book. The best libraries write the surname first, also giving the name of the publish-

ing company. These cards may be placed in each book. When taking a book out of the collection the borrower writes her name on the card, also the date, and gives the card to the librarian, who files it. When the book is returned the name is checked off and the card replaced in the book.

We are pleased to announce that markers may be obtained at Relief Society headquarters for the books, free, thus all of the Relief Society books of the Church may have a uniform marker. Do not be surprised if you are asked for the number of volumes in your libraries, in the future, or perhaps the number of volumes read.

We recommend that where there are large public libraries, the stake presidents and librarians advise with the ward officers about their libraries and ascertain just how accessible the books are to their members, and then use their best judgment in establishing Relief Society libraries in those towns.

We hope, and urge that some method be devised whereby all members of the various wards may have access to good books. We recommend also, that we resolve to have the books already in our possession, read by more of our members, and that we make an effort to add to our small nucleus such books as will answer the injunction found in the Doctrine and Covenants, "Seek ye out of the best books, words of wisdom, seek by learning, by study and also by faith," and endeavor to have a system for the proper care and distribution of the books established in each stake and ward.

To stimulate reading, monthly reports might be made of the volumes read by each member. Let us remember that there are in our communities many young and many older people who have had leisure hours forced upon them. May we not be of inestimable service to them, by making it possible for them to get books to read during these hours. The standard of our conversations and the ideals of our families will be raised and our understanding enlarged if we do more reading.

How about a resolution? "Less time consumed in making pies, pickles and preserves, more time spent with poems, paragraphs and pages." And remember, "The best reading for the largest number at the least cost."

Relief Society Magazine Campaign

HAZEL H. GREENWOOD,

Member of the General Board

IT is a natural impulse for us to share with others the fine things we enjoy, this adds to our own pleasure. There is nothing in moral or religious life that we experience or make a part of our lives that does not inspire a desire to acquaint others with it. While we are doing this we are the beneficiaries. That desire to impart it to others demonstrates more than anything else, an appreciation of high fine principles. The whole genius of the Gospel is not only to live it, but to impart it to others.

We would have all women experience the joy and the satisfaction that we have in Relief Society, and we never tire in trying to convince them of this pleasure, and getting them to join in the activity.

The *Relief Society Magazine* is the medium through which the organization works. It is a pleasure

and a profit, and we are anxious that all should share it. It is a necessary organ for the operation of our Society. In order to keep in touch with its spirit and purpose it is necessary that we have access to this official guide and instructor. As a text book is to a school, so is the *Magazine* to our Relief Society. Our aim is to have every woman a subscriber to the *Magazine*.

We wish first to make our people *Magazine* conscious, then to devise ways and means to make it available.

Last year a *Magazine* drive was suggested to extend from September 15 to October 15, this drive to be Church-wide. In defense of this choice let me say that November was taken by another Church publication, and September was considered superior to December for various reasons. So many things have to be paid, taxes, tithing, Christmas, at the end of the year, and our year really begins with September. When we get into the swing of things, it is as easy to subscribe then as at any other time.

A report received shows that 86% of the stakes had a drive in September with various degrees of success, the majority, however, reporting substantial gains.

There are several arguments in favor of a concentrated drive. One stake president voiced this when she said, "It gave our *Magazine* representative public recognition and had the approval of the Bishop."

A drive concentrates effort over a shorter period, and can be more intensive. There must be preparation for this, and here is an opportunity to develop the ingenuity and resourcefulness of our officers. In order to advertise the *Magazine* these means have been used:

Ward Conference made up from the *Magazine*.

Talks in Meetings.

House to house canvas (quite general and varied in form).

Special *Magazine* programs and parties.

Departments in Union Meetings.

Salesmanship classes in Union Meeting.

Personal contact by *Magazine* representative, president or other officers.

Contests of various kinds in wards, districts or stakes in which the losers treat.

All these methods have helped to get results. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that most people can pay in small amounts more easily; so penny boxes, banks, installments in various ways are used.

In some stakes a sacrifice month was observed where some few things were given up to meet the expense of the *Magazine*. Children were made conscious of the needs of mother, etc. Special parties were arranged to raise money for those unable to pay. At some parties every member was given 50c credit on the *Magazine*, and she paid the other 50c.

These are just a few suggestions gathered from the results of the survey. Any plan must be carefully thought out and well organized. It is well for us to understand salesmanship, but high pressure salesmanship should be avoided. Be enthusiastic but let it be from a thorough knowledge of the worth of what you have to sell. No one should be made to feel delinquent because she cannot subscribe. Make it easy and make it possible. Many people pride themselves on having all the *Magazines* bound. Every stake should have them.

We cannot afford to antagonize people; we are coming back next year. Sometimes too much said is a bad thing, continuing until it be-

comes monotonous. We want our women to be loyal, and they are! But people resent doing things from a sense of duty alone. This is a practical age; people want something for their money, and if we lead them to see they are getting value, then it becomes a privilege to subscribe. We have in a year's subscription to the *Magazine* 27 educational lessons and 9 Teachers' Topics, which is worth much more than the price asked for the year's subscription.

If the lessons are studied, and a part of the suggested supplementary material read, it takes all the time I can devote to formal study.

These are unusual times. You Relief Society sisters have done well. We wish to congratulate you on your success and thank you for your support. May you achieve greater success in the future.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

WHILE these sisters have been telling of the fine things about the libraries and the *Magazine,* I have thought of another avenue where you women have done beautiful work. With a desire to disseminate the fine material in the Social Service Pamphlets, and hoping that they could be of greater service in the stakes, we sent to each of our stake presidents a set for each ward in the stake. The report that has come in is most encouraging. A few of the stakes have said they had no use for them, but perhaps in the stakes adjoining would come the request for more. We sent the same allotment to Fremont stake as we did to the others, and by return mail came the reply, "We hope we can get 25 sets more before union meeting, as we can dispose of them." Before the month was up we had a check and another order for 100 sets. I believe that was the banner stake, but we have had very fine reports from many others. We still have some of these pamphlets, and if the Presidents feel that there are any mothers in the stake who would be benefited, and who cannot afford to pay for them, we will be pleased to give them. We also would like to call attention to the fact that we have some of our literary books, "The Story of the World's Literature," by John Macy. This is the same text in literature that we used this year, so you will be under no obligation to change, and we shall be glad to supply any who may need them. The Doctrine and Covenants work will be continued as it has been, so there will be no change in theology. A very fine course of study is being outlined for the social service lessons, but these will not require a book.

At the request of Sister Emily T. Merrill, president of the European Mission Relief Society, a simple course in "Home Hygiene," is being prepared. This course, called "Health and Home Nursing," will be published in our *Magazine.* We hope that the stakes who have the teachers available, and who have been carrying on our three major topics, will continue to do so. We want our theology carried on everywhere in the world. We hope those who can carry on the literary work, will do so; the same with the social service lessons, which you will find easier this year. Not only in the European Mission, but in all the missions, if you feel there is a greater need for "Home Nursing," use these lessons, which we hope will be very helpful.

This year we have had in the Relief Society a very great number of reorganizations. Of course we know it is for the best, and we welcome

you new Presidents, women of integrity and faith, but we miss the dear faces of some who have been with us through many years.

REORGANIZATIONS

Date	*Stake*	*Released*	*Appointed President*
Aug., 1933	Bear Lake	Eliza B. Cook	Hazel Shepherd
Dec., 1933	Benson	Ethel B. Webb	Ruey Bernhisel
Sept., 1933	Boise	Mary C. Martineau	Mabel S. Nokes
June, 1933	Burley	Luella Wright	Dora Pickett
Aug., 1933	Garfield	Ida H. Steed	Esther B. Mathews
Dec., 1933	Grant	Winnifred B. Daynes	Amy E. Neff
Jan., 1934	Hollywood	Katherine R. Stewart	Zatelle Sessions
July, 1933	Lethbridge	Mildred C. Harvey	Ida Wood
July, 1933	Logan	Bessie G. Ballard	Ada E. Morrell
Mar., 1934	Morgan	Sophia Anderson	Elizabeth Geary
Oct., 1933	Oquirrh	Marie B. Tygeson	Phoebe Ridd
Aug., 1933	Pocatello	Martha E. Pugmire	Vera Rich Horsfall
Sept., 1933	St. George	Josephine J. Miles	Juanita Brooks
Nov., 1933	San Luis	Martha E. Haskell	Mary K. Bagwell
June, 1933	Star Valley	Kittie D. Burton	Pearl B. Holbrook
July, 1933	Taylor	Julia E. Ririe	Allie R. Jensen

Mission	*Released*	*Appointed President*
Central States	Charlotte T. Bennion	Nellie D. Woodruff
Eastern States	Alice D. Moyle	Grace S. Colton
European	Leah D. Widtsoe	Emily T. Merrill
Mexican	Vilate R. Ivins	Anna H. Pratt
New Zealand	Jennie E. Magleby	Polly Duncan
Southern States	Grace E. Callis	Ina A. Richards
Western States	Nellie D. Woodruff	Winnifred B. Daynes

ORGANIZATIONS

Dec., 1933—Wells Stake, Marie H. Tanner, Appointed President.

Oct., 1933—South American Mission (two branches), Reinhold Stoof, President.

We have asked you if you prefer nine lessons prepared in our course of study, or if you think eight would produce better results. Some of the stakes feel that the month of June is a difficult month to hold their work as scheduled, and there were a number of good reasons advanced. In answer to our questionnaire, out of 102 answers, 67 want nine months continued, 24 want eight months, and 11 said either way that was decided would suit them. According to our rules in the Church, the majority expresses all of our opinions, so we are all now in favor of nine lessons. If there are problems that arise that cannot very well be taken care of in those stakes who wanted the eight lessons, we will consider them later.

We are better prepared now than ever before to give educational work in social service. Sister Lyman is in charge, with her assistants, and they are not only giving a course at the Brigham Young University in Provo, but four of our near-by stakes are now taking the course of social service. This is for stake officers, ward presidents, and where they have ward aids for them also, and especially for the Bishops, if they can spare the time to meet with us. It is an excellent program, and

we are fortunate in having Sister Lyman, who is not only qualified as a teacher, but so well prepared in social welfare and in Church standards. I believe that this is one of the richest opportunities that we are offering to Relief Society. There may be groups brought into headquarters, as we have done before, for the longer courses, and short institutes can be arranged in the stakes. Our one regret is that these trained women are not used more extensively. We urge you to give careful thought in making your selection of these sisters, and we are wondering if, after taking the training, you see that they are put into service in the stakes. They are most valuable. We have been a bit disappointed that these women have not been used more extensively on the Federal Committees out in the counties. The question arises, have the stake presidents stood firmly enough behind these social service aids, and made it known that they have had training? They are sometimes the only persons who have had training in the county, and yet they have not been used. If Sister Lyman arranges to come to your stake, we hope that you will be careful in the selection of women, and choose those whom you think will be able to serve you for the greatest length of time. It takes a great deal of effort on the part of Sister Lyman and her assistants, to give this course, and it is quite a heavy responsibility for you in the stakes, and we want the best results to follow.

We never have, before this year, had a month when we could have an official Magazine Drive. This does not mean that we do not want you to take subscriptions the whole year through, but when we met with Brother Ballard and those in charge of the publications of the Church, we had second choice of the time that we could use. The Mutual Improvement Association had already selected from October 15 to November 15, and we felt that from September 15 to October 15 would be the best time for us. This is the time for the public drive—concentrate on it as you have been told.

"What shall we do on our Work and Business Day?" is a very general question. The women are tired of quilting and sewing carpet rags. We know that to be a leader of the Work and Business group is one of the hardest places to fill, and it is difficult to prepare attractive programs for the Work and Business Day. I hope that in this session of our conference many of you will get inspiration from the demonstrations that will be given here during the whole week.

We had one of our fine presidents ask if it would be permissible in her stake to take up the lesson on genealogy on Work and Business Day. We do not want to discourage anyone; we feel that genealogy is one of the most important things we have to consider, but there is organized in the Church a Genealogical Society, and they of that organization are carrying on their special work. We have the three meetings in Relief Society now that are educational, and we feel that in adult work an educational program is not complete unless we learn to use our hands. I hope that the fourth Tuesday will be used for doing helpful things. I just happened to see in the things that were brought into us during the week, a curtain which looked like Monks Cloth, and a wool design had been worked on it so beautifully. I believe if you could see it, you would all like to have curtains made that way. There are so many things that are beautiful and useful. We want to discourage expensive things, but cultivate taste and make

the best use of what we have at hand. On some of the questionnaires the wards say that Work and Business Meeting is held any time the women take a notion to have it. I believe this is a problem for the stake president to settle, and best results follow from a definite time for all meetings.

We are still having questions about raffling. When an article is given with a chance it is raffling—when you sell a chance on anything, it is raffling. The Relief Society has not changed its standards, and is unqualifiedly against any compromise of the right, and any form of gambling.

Work and Business Department

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Lotta Paul Baxter, Chairman

THIS Department work was opened by a meeting of those charged with the conduct of this very important phase of Relief Society activity in the stakes and missions.

An Institute covering four days was planned, in response to many requests from the stakes for help in this particular part of the work. Mrs. Glenn J. Beeley was director of the Institute.

Experts in the various lines were in attendance to advise and demonstrate the various phases of Interior Decoration, Arts and Crafts. The most complete cooperation between the business men and Relief Society was exemplified. Great assistance was rendered by local Relief Society women, under the direction of Mrs. Elfleda L. Jensen, Relief Society Stake President of East Jordan.

Mrs. Glenn J. Beeley spoke on "The Tricks of the Trade," and "Application of Ornament," illustrated with lantern slides. Demonstrations included wall paper, curtains, drapes, slip covers, refinishing old floors and linoleum, refinishing old furniture, painting walls, dyeing, machine-made rugs, lamp shades, embroidery and numerous suggestions for bazaars, always keeping before the sisters good taste, simplicity and economy.

Each stake leader was supplied with a portfolio filled with instructions and suggestions for projects in the Work and Business Meeting.

Choristers and Organists' Department

Ida Peterson Beal, Chairman

A LARGE and an enthusiastic group met in Barratt Hall, Wednesday, April 4, 1934, for instructions in music for the organization.

Professor Tracy Y. Cannon, director of the McCune School of Music and Art, clearly outlined the value of interpretation of our songs; the proper combination of words and music. He stated that the words and their meaning would suggest the tempo or speed of a song. Organists and Choristers should read carefully the words of a song so that the proper interpretation may be given.

Mrs. Florence Jepperson Madsen, professor of music at the Brigham Young University, gave many helpful suggestions on tone; the development of proper breathing; the relaxing of the throat muscles, etc. Mrs. Madsen illustrated her work by a trio of young girls from the Brigham Young University.

Mrs. Elise B. Alder spoke on Music Appreciation, and the music program for the coming year.

Mrs. Charlotte Owen Sackett, assisted by Mrs. Alta B. Cassity, gave a demonstration of hymn work from the "L. D. S. Hymn Book," in which the entire group participated.

The music program for the year was given and demonstrated by a group of singers from the Relief Society Chorus.

The songs for the year are: "Though Deepening Trials;" "God Moves in a Mysterious Way;" "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old;" "Sleepers Wake;" "The Lost Chord." Suggestive list: "Prayer Perfect;" 'Teach Me to Pray;" "As the Dew from Heaven Distilling."

Social Welfare Department

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman, Chairman

A LARGE group of Relief Society women who are charged with the responsibility of directing the Social Welfare work in the stakes, met in the Assembly Hall, Temple Square, on Wednesday, April 4, 1934, at 2 p. m., to hear questions of great importance to them, discussed.

Dr. Dorothy B. Nyswander, Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Utah, and Director of the Woman's Division of the C. W. A. in Utah, spoke on "Woman's Place in the Reconstruction Program of the United States."

Mrs. Ruth Lohmoelder, Assistant in the Relief Society General Welfare Department reported the results of the questionnaire from the Department. The "Analysis of the Social Service Survey" covered (1) the source of funds for relief; (2) the part the Bishops and Ward Presidents take in administering the relief; (3) the extent to which Stake Registration Cards are used.

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman spoke upon the Registration Cards; the duties of the Relief Society General Welfare Department; the institutes and general plan of educational work.

Miss Evelyn Hodges, of the Relief Society Social Service Department gave a paper on "Emotional Reactions to Unemployment and Relief."

Reception for Stake Officers

WEDNESDAY EVENING

Lalene H. Hart, Chairman

THIS very happy social feature of the Conference was held in the Relief Society headquarters, second floor of the Bishop's Building, at 7:30 p. m., Wednesday, April 4, 1934.

The spacious rooms, fine music, dainty refreshments, served by the daughters of the General Board Members, and the hospitable spirit of Relief Society, all combined to make a most delightful event, where approximately 500 stake, mission and general officers met to visit and renew acquaintances.

Stake Presidents' Breakfast

THURSDAY MORNING

Cora L. Bennion, Chairman

THE important meeting of Stake and Mission Presidents, with the General President and Board Members was held in the Supper Room of the Hotel Utah, Thursday, April 5, 1934, at 7:30 a. m.

President Louise Y. Robison presided, and many important problems pertaining to Relief Society work were discussed. Ten missions and one hundred and three stakes were here represented.

GENERAL SESSION

THURSDAY MORNING

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

WE are very happy to greet this great congregation of women this morning, and also the brethren who are here with us.

We pray that the Spirit of the Lord will be with us, and that these returned Mission Presidents will tell you mothers who have sons and daughters in the mission field, things that will build up and bless you and make you feel that the sacrifice you made in sending these fine young people into the mission work has been a very great reward to you, and a contribution to the Church.

LEAH D. WIDTSOE

Former Relief Society President of the European Mission

I AM sure that whenever the Gospel has been upon the earth in its fulness, there has been active work for women to do. We do not know the detail of the work that was done by the women of Ancient Israel, but we do know from our study of the Old and New Testament that women were active in those days, for we read that there were priests and priestesses in those times, and they could not have been isolated exceptions. Then we come down through the ages when the Gospel of Jesus Christ was taken from the earth, not by an arbitrary act of God, but through the slothfulness of man himself, losing that power, and we find through all the dark ages that woman was held more or less enthralled. Her voice was still, she was inactive in any public sense, and was held in submission to her husband, her lord.

One of the great contributions of the Prophet Joseph, our modern prophet, was the restoration of the rights of woman, of her independence, and the right to exercise her free agency. I never tire in telling, and I always have joy in thinking of the fact that this great privilege was given to woman in this dispensation as a gift. She did not have to ask for it, she has never had to fight for it, it came to her with the restoration of the Gospel in its fulness. For this gift, if we shall call it that, this privilege, we should show our gratitude, and we try to do so through our works. I am convinced that there is a work for the Relief So-

ciety to do in the world today as never before in its history. That has been the thought in mind in emphasizing the work of the women in the European Missions, and it is here at home.

The Relief Society has been organized for many years in Europe.

In Europe there are eleven missions speaking eight different languages. The office of the President of the European Relief Society is supervisory only, attempting to correlate the work of the Society in all these missions. The total membership of the Relief Society in the missions is about 4,375, with an average attendance at meetings of 58.8% of the enrollment. Practically all of the Societies are following the prescribed outline of study.

In making my report of conditions in the missions, I desire to pay a tribute of respect to the sisters who preceded me as European Mission Supervisors of Relief Society, also to note the intelligent help given in the work by the Mission Presidents of Relief Society who have served in the different missions while I have been in the mission field, as well as to the conscientious and willing activity of the local members in each mission. The fine cooperation of these sisters, one and all, has made possible the progress that has been made. The Relief Societies in our newest missions, those of Czecho-Slovakia and Palestine-Syria, are undertaking the Relief Society work in earnest and with much intelligence. Their leaders are well qualified and great progress will be made there as elsewhere in the mission field.

Formerly the great ideal of the people who joined the Church in the missions was to gather to Zion, but during the last decade Uncle Sam has closed his doors, and our members have had to stay on the other side whether they would or not. This has been a hardship to some, for they have longed for years, and saved their money in the hope that they might come to Zion. With this change in policy it has been necessary to establish the auxiliaries of the Church with greater activity, so that the people may carry on their religion in the mission field, the auxiliaries are operating there much as they do at home. That has meant a very great responsibility added to the wife of the mission president if she has been the one to carry on the work of the women's auxiliaries.

Sometime ago a request was made for lady missionaries in Europe. Our leaders answered by urging us to train the local women to officer their own auxiliaries, and during the last three years that has been consummated. In practically all of the eight very active missions in Europe, there have now been formed boards of local women over the three women's auxiliaries.

One of the first projects that we set ourselves was to gather the histories of the different missions. It had been undertaken before, and the mission presidents' wives preceding me have done splendid work, but we undertook as a special centennial project the gathering of Relief Society histories in each of the missions, and then used our roll book for the keeping of that data up to date. This has meant a great deal of work, but has given much encouragement to the sisters, for they all found that they had histories of which they may be proud.

Another of the contributions and projects was the attempt we made to bring our study courses in harmony with those you are using here in Zion. While the missions were sending their active people to Zion, it was rather difficult to have any uniform courses of study, but we at-

tempted, and have succeeded for the last two or three years, in bringing all of the European Missions (eight of them, we have had two new ones added since) into harmony with each other, so that we all were studying the same lessons and working from the same program. It has given them a great deal of satisfaction to feel that they are in unison with this great sisterhood of women throughout the world, and are studying what you are studying. They do feel that our Society is now an International as well as a National Relief Society.

For the last thirty years there have been no lady missionaries in Europe, but as a result of prayer, we were given two lady missionaries a year ago last October, and two finer girls never lived than those who were sent over to work with us. They are there now and they have proved a very great blessing. They are doing work that in some cases our missionary boys could not do, and they are helping us so much with our auxiliary work, which is so necessary. It is impossible for the mission president's wife to do it all. We need more missionary girls. I have lived in Europe for six years, have visited all the countries, and I cannot see that our girls are not just as safe in Europe as they would be in any of the missions in the States. Of course we need girls who are spiritual minded, and who will be able to stand on their own feet, but that is the type we need in all of the missions, and so I hope that it may be possible for us to receive more lady missionaries in Europe.

I should like to report too how much we have enjoyed the Relief Society Handbook. It has been a very great satisfaction to us when any question came up to be able to turn to the handbook and say this and so it is, and the service of this handbook has been inestimable in our work.

Another activity is of the Singing Mothers. We had no way of knowing anything about this activity except through the Magazine, but we read of it, and the sisters of the different missions liked the title. It had rather a singing sound, and as we spoke of it, it brought to mind busy mothers who had time to leave their fireside and sing, and if they would sing in a chorus, they would surely sing to their growing children. In practically all of our missions now we have Church Singing Mothers. We did not make any request for it, the missions adopted it.

These are times, when, as never before, the contribution of the mothers of men must be felt, and I do feel that upon the shoulders of the Relief Society—the mothers, the women of our Church, rests the responsibility of carrying Christianity. It is bigger than all the machinery of our organization, great as our accomplishments may be. The world is starving for understanding, for sympathy. The greatest help that can be given by our Relief Society sisters is the spiritual uplift for men and women who have to struggle against adversity.

I am sure that most of us feel that our greatest need is for the bread of life, the bread of life that Christ gives. While we do feel that it is necessary to have actual food for our bodies, let us not forget that the food for the spirit is equally important.

I remember a story that was told by my husband's mother. It was about one of the leading men whom my husband saw as a little lad soon after he came to this country, permitting an indiscretion, and he came home in great sorrow to tell his mother that he had seen this leader do this act. His mother said, "Well

now it is of no matter to you what brother so and so does, that is his affair, what matters to you a great deal, is what John does." I feel today that the Relief Society mothers must not allow the criticism of others in their presence, and must encourage the expression of love and trust and understanding of our leaders from our Bishops to the head of our Church. If we will do this, and dedicate our lives to this service, and prove to our Heavenly Father that we are worthy of the great organization He has given to us, I feel that His kingdom on earth will spread to that extent.

In closing I would like to tell you of the great thrill it has been to me to visit the Relief Societies which I have visited, and to see how they have grown during the last six years. It makes me happy to see our younger women come out. It is a great tribute to our General Board to know that these groups are growing, for if these younger women did not appreciate the lessons, they would not come out in the numbers they do.

Beyond measure I am grateful for this restored Gospel, for the privilege that is given the daughters of Israel to walk side by side with their husbands who hold the Priesthood. I am grateful for the testimony I have of the truthfulness of the Gospel, and pray that we shall instill it into the hearts of our youth until it shall crush out of their hearts the evil that the evil one desires to implant there. That our work shall grow, that it shall encompass all needs, spiritual and physical, and social and economic ambitions is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

GRACE E. CALLIS

Former Relief Society President of the Southern States Mission

WE have recently completed a mission of 27½ years in the Southern States, a land of happy memories. This morning, as I see a few faces of my missionary daughters who have become lovely mothers in Israel, I feel a little more at home.

In our early missionary work in the Southern States most of the converts were in the valleys and the hills, where the families lived miles apart, so our Church population was scattered. As a matter of fact they would not suffer the missionary work to be done in the cities, and even in the country our people were harassed, persecuted and mobbed.

Under special instructions from the First Presidency, certain cities were opened up in the South for missionary work, and here small Sunday Schools were organized, which later grew into branches. Relief Societies were organized, and the Southern women, with grateful hearts, accepted the call of this grand work. Their hearts were filled with happiness and joy that they might be of service to the poor.

In the country one or two families formed a nucleus, and as these were added to, the sisters were organized into a Relief Society. Soon all over the mission our sisters assembled in chapels and in country homes with one desire and purpose in their hearts, to be of service in the upbuilding of the work of the Lord. We find that even today when we have chapels, sometimes if our Relief Societies are held in the homes of our sisters and the neighbors are invited in, our attendance is greatly increased. In nearly all of our meetings we have those who are not mem-

bers of the Church. This is a stimulus to us, for we do desire to let our lights shine and glorify the work of our Father in Heaven. Much to our delight, the non-members will often see the good works of their "Mormon" sisters. Friendships are formed, and there is a broadening exchange of ideas, for we know that where women are, there is going to be a little talk. They become friendly with each other, and we know that through these associations women have come into the Church. It is hard for us to say just how many women have entered the Church through our Relief Society meetings as well as our other services.

I am happy to report too that our sisters find favor in the civic organizations. Their counsel and advice is sought, and the recommendations of the sisters concerning the poor is acted upon. We are given a recognition that betokens confidence and authority and standing along with the other people. Our sisters have been entrusted with the distribution of large supplies from these civic organizations.

When I think of the many charitable acts that are done through our Societies, I know our women are imbued with true religion, for they visit the sick and attend to the needs of the poor by giving food and provisions and helping them along with medical attention. Through our organization many cripples have been sent to surgeons of renown, and blind people have been taken to oculists who have given them treatment. I might mention that one of our Relief Society organists is a blind woman, and it is certainly an inspiration to see her faith, and note how well she plays the hymns of Zion, and how much good she does. All feel that if she can work under these difficulties, they too must put forth very great efforts.

In all our acts of kindness to the poor we are assisted by the non-members who give liberally of their provisions and other things that amount to a great sum yearly.

The Prophet Joseph Smith outlined most beautifully the spirit of Relief Society work. It is not only to take care of the poor, but it is to save souls. We are admonished to be pure in heart, to be charitable. In the South people are religious, so this spiritual, this soul-saving part of the work has a great appeal. We like to think of the influence that the mothers of the Church can, and do, have upon the people, especially upon the youth. A mother's life is consecrated in giving life. She does not bring sons and daughters into the world to be destroyed by hideous sin. God loves good mothers. I think the mothers of the two thousand Lamanites must have instructed their boys to acknowledge the Lord in all His ways and He would direct their paths, for when they told them that if they did not doubt the Lord would deliver them, these youths, these young boys testified, "We doubt not our mother's word."

The influence that you good mothers have over your sons and daughters in the mission field cannot be measured. I have heard many a young elder say, "I only hope I can be the missionary that my mother thinks I am." This faith that you have in your boys and in your girls encourages them to go on with their noble work. Many of these noble mothers have laid down their lives while their sons were in the mission field, but it has been their last request that their sons stay and fill their missions. Oh, I think that when the Savior comes He will look for this sublime faith, for never in the history of the world has there been more willing sacrifice, more

sublime faith than is shown by the Mothers of Israel.

There is a tradition that God was displeased with the inhabitants of the world because of their sin, and that Abraham and Moses appeared before Him and interceded for the children of men, but that they were ordered from His divine presence. Then, so the tradition goes, Rachel appeared before the Almighty, and He said, "By what right are you here?" Rachel humbly answered "By the right of a mother," and it is said that God listened to her.

We know today that intoxicating liquors weaken the reason; that evil-doing obscures the sense of God; that absence from Sunday School and meeting takes off the relish of spiritual things, and that unlawful pleasure increases the authority of the body over the spirit and leads to destruction.

The better way for us to help our youth is to make a spiritual appeal to their conscience, to help them look within themselves, always remembering, as the poet Browning said, that when a fight begins within himself a man is worth something, God stoops over his head. In the strength of perseverance we must help them to stir up their conscience, to have control over their minds and their bodies. Abraham Lincoln said that he would rather walk with his conscience than with the crowd, and our young people, walking with their conscience, will walk with God, even as Enoch of old did.

Every righteous prayer of a mother will bring an answer of peace, and so by a good example we should teach our children what is righteous and what is unrighteous, letting them know unlawful things spell sin.

Every true Latter-day Saint woman desires to be a mother of sons and daughters who will honor God. You will remember in reading the story of Ben Hur how his splendid mother instilled into him the glorious deeds of his noble ancestors, the prophets Abraham and Moses, and how she aroused in him a desire to live that he might be worthy of these noble progenitors. So it should be our desire to teach our children that faith in God is the way to success, and let them feel that if they will follow the examples of Jesus Christ and all the wonderful leaders, and if they will live near to the Lord, if they will put themselves on the Lord's side, they will have no need to fear the consequences.

I feel that my life has been enriched in the Relief Society work, and by these wonderful, gentle, refined Southern women. They live near to the Lord, and in their daily lives reflect the glory of the Gospel. Industriously and with patient faith they are building up a glorious womanhood. With splendid hospitality they give to the poor; they regard the unfortunate as their own flesh, and to your missionary sons and daughters they are loving mothers. Under the guiding influence of the spirit of the Lord they are willing at all times to take upon them the responsibility of carrying out the spirit of the Relief Society work.

CHARLOTTE T. BENNION

Former Relief Society President of the Central States Mission

MY call came in December, 1906, shortly after my husband was called to preside over the Central States Mission. Two years later, I joined him in Kansas City, Missouri. The mission then covered six states, Kansas, Ohio, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Missouri. In 1908 I was

called to take charge of the mission work of the Relief Society in the Central States Mission. I began my work in organizing the Relief Society in that Mission, and although many of them were small groups, yet as opportunity offered, we organized and instructed women in Relief Society work, which was quite new to our converts.

When the time came that the mission was divided the states of Texas and Louisiana constituted the Texas Mission. There were 38 active Relief Society organizations in the mission as a whole, and 5 inactive organizations. The Relief Society organizations were nearly equally divided between the two missions, Texas and Central States. Some of the Relief Societies were 1,500 miles from Kansas City, making it necessary for me to do a great deal of my work through correspondence.

Although during my 25 years of service with the women of that mission I visited them a number of times personally, it is not possible for the work to be carried on as we would like to have it without personal contact with the different women and the organizations. It is very gratifying, however, after these sweet women were set apart and received a blessing, to note how efficient they became as presiding officers in the different organizations. They always become enthusiastic in the work, and try in their humble way to enrich every woman in the organization. As Sister Callis has said, a number of our members in the mission are not members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We have had many women enrolled in our organization, who, through the faithful efforts of the Relief Society sisters were converted to the Church.

Our visiting teachers are very efficient in their work, and I feel, my sisters, that it is a great responsibility to be a teacher in the Relief Society. These sisters have the privilege of going from door to door, as do our missionaries, and carrying into the homes the topics outlined so beautifully in our *Magazine,* and they have the privilege of teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ and bearing their testimonies in the homes, because they contact the people.

I am very proud of the organizations of the Central States Mission, and the work that has been accomplished by the women. Never has there been a call of any kind made upon them to which they have failed to respond in taking care of the needy and unfortunate. Many a family they have clothed, so children might be able to attend school. We have become affiliated with the social service work in many of the organizations in our mission, and the advice and counsel of our Relief Society women is sought, because people know it is wise.

In some places we labored under disadvantages, because we dealt with a moving population. Many of our branches were organized in the small farming districts, where people rented farms for a year, at the end of the year, they moved to another county, and many times our groups were not large enough to continue the work. We had to disorganize until more families moved in, then we reorganized and put them to work, with most gratifying results. Women love the work because they have a firm testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and when they join the Church, as many of them do, they refrain from habits formed in childhood. The use of tobacco, tea and coffee, breaking the Word of Wisdom in any way after the Gospel of Jesus Christ comes to these good women, is not to be thought of, and they live and keep the covenants

they have made with their Father in Heaven, and for that reason they become efficient Relief Society workers.

We have been quite successful in gathering the history of the different organizations, and by placing the Relief Society Handbook in nearly every organization in our mission, we have realized great benefits.

I want you to know, my sisters, that I have indeed enjoyed laboring with your missionary boys and girls in the Central States Mission. We have had over 2,500 of your boys and girls in the thirty years we have been there.

Brother Bennion and I have tried to make our mission home a home for our missionaries, as we realized they were a long way from their loved ones in the valleys of the mountains, and they needed a home. We have welcomed the friends who have visited us in Independence, as that city is a very important spot in Church history. Many people came to Independence to visit that temple spot. You might be surprised to know that we have entertained on an average of ninety people a month, and this last year has been a very busy one for us in Independence. So many people have traveled by automobile to the Fair, and they have called at Independence. In three months we entertained nearly three thousand people. Aside from my Relief Society work, being out with the sick and taking care of the missionaries, I led a very busy life, but it was a life of joy and pleasure, because I loved to labor with the missionaries. It is a very sad experience to have to sit by the bedside of one of your faithful missionaries, and have her hold your hand and tell you how she loves you for your kindness, and to see her life taken. That has been one of my sad experiences which I have had to meet.

My experience of so many years in the mission is full of faith promoting stories of young and old, men and women.

President Bennion and I had great joy in participating in the erection and unveiling of the Relief Society monument in Nauvoo, Illinois, and the splendid entertainment of the companies visiting Independence was sponsored by the Relief Society of Independence.

We have excellent cooperation on the part of the social agencies who have become acquainted with us.

Now sisters, be kind and loving to your families. Appreciate these beautiful spirits that have been given to you by your Father in Heaven. Hold them sacred.

AUGUSTA W. GRANT

WHEN I saw the time going I thought that I would be relieved from this little task given me, but I certainly appreciate the privilege of speaking to this lovely audience. It is not required of me to say very much, and I wish Sister Bennion had taken all the time, so that I would not have had to make any talk at all. I came as a quiet listener, and I have certainly been repaid for sitting here and listening to the beautiful testimonies which these sisters have given. I have known these three good women very intimately, and been in their homes, and appreciate all that they have done. What Sister Bennion has said about making a home for the missionaries is certainly true, and the same can be said of Sister Callis and Sister Widtsoe. We did not get a chance to go over and see Sister Widtsoe. We were invited and would have been pleased to go, but we did not have the opportunity.

I will give you my message, and that is that you Relief Society sis-

ters keep on with the splendid work you are doing. Your work is growing all the time, and I could not say anything better than that—keep on with the good work you are doing.

I ask the blessings of the Lord upon you all, and upon all that you do, and I ask it in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

WHEN Sister Robison asked me several weeks ago if one of us could be present at this meeting, I told her that if reasonably possible we would come. The President was called away to an important meeting, from which I have just come, and had only returned when I came away, and he released me for a few moments to come over and meet with you.

I cannot tell you how I appreciate this opportunity, not that I have anything special to say to this body of women, members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I do not know of another congregation of people who could be called together who are better able to take care of themselves than this body of sisters, and who have less necessity for the attention of the Presiding Authorities of the Church. Of course we all need it and must have it, but judging from the reports that come to us, and our own knowledge and acquaintance of this organization, it has fewer troublesome problems than any other in the Church. It is made up of women of experience, who are not easily swayed and moved by exisitng conditions which might not be desirable as are other auxiliary organizations. They are all doing splendid work, but those that deal with the younger members of the Church, it appears to me, have more serious problems to contend with than has the Relief Society, and I suppose they have them coming all the time, we all have them, we have them in our private lives, we have them in our local associations in the wards in which we live, and we have them in the Church as a whole.

The Relief Society is the fourth oldest of these auxiliary organizations that exists in the Church, and as I have stated is made up of people of greater experience, older in membership, older in experience, than those in the other organizations. The Primary deals with the little children, the Sunday School and the Mutual Improvement Association takes them and has to deal with them at the most critical period in their lives, then after they are married and assume the responsibilities of life they naturally gravitate toward the Relief Society, and there they find an environment to which I have referred, experience, long years of devotion, long years of service—service in the particular field that calls out the very best instincts of the human heart, to help those who are in need of help, to minister to the sick, to help the needy, to call the wayward back into that narrow path which leads us back to the presence of God, our Father, from whence we came, for we were all with Him on one occasion.

I have had long experience with comparatively uncivilized people. I never have been among a tribe of Indians, and I have known them all from here clear down to the interior of Mexico, that has not had faith in life before they came to earth. They have not a proper conception of God and Christ, His Son, as we have, but

they have the conviction of a great Father somewhere up there; that his home was once their home; that they came from that place to earth, and after they have finished their mortal lives they return back to it. They tell you how difficult it is to get back there, and the reason always is that there is a serpent in the way, there is an evil spirit disputing the way. You know that according to the Bible it was in the form of a serpent that Lucifer, who was a Son of the Morning, an angel in authority, who rebelled against God, and was cast down to earth with those who followed him, came to Mother Eve, and induced her to ignore the command of God and partake of the forbidden fruit, telling her that she should not die, but should be made wise, and thus proved himself to be a deceiver, a falsifier, and he is represented among these people to this day in the form of a serpent. These Indians will not kill a snake, they make friends with it. They will take it in their hands and coil it around their neck. Every year they have a ceremony in which they do this. They mark the earth on which we live by a circle in the sand, and all around that circle they put the mark of a rattle snake, with his tongue and dripping fangs exposed, and his rattles very near to the head, and they make a mark in the sand that goes between the head of the snake and its tail, back to the great governing planet up here, and tell their children that this was their former home, and they know this serpent has come down to earth, and has encircled it, and assumed dominion over it, and in order to get to earth we must pass between its head and its tail. Then they make tracks coming down on the side of that mark and going back on the other. The trails are very straight, and there is only one way to get back, and that is to follow this narrow path that is marked out by their father, who is above.

This is a simple story, but how expressive. It is because of this that they never destroy a snake—not because they love it, but because they fear it, knowing that it is the author of evil that comes to mankind and seeks to destroy him and lead him into error, bitterness and wickedness. The good spirit is life, law and order; it is everything that is good. The bad spirit is darkness, death, it is Satan, so they tell you. He is here today, my sisters, working with us, striving with us, young and old, to lead us away from Christ our Lord who seeks to draw the hearts of men and women to him, who believes in the message which was told to our parents in the Garden of Eden, when God said, "This man has become as one of us, knowing good and evil." He thus becomes an agent to himself. If he has been a sinner, and will repent and come back to his Father, with a repentant heart, he may become a recipient of the law and redemption through repentance, and find his way back to God. The other spirit tells him that he may be saved regardless of his character, regardless of what he does; he may be wicked, he may be opposed to all that is good, but if he will only worship at the shrine of Lucifer he will be saved in the life to come, regardless of the works done in the body. That is the problem we have before us, and one happy thought to us is that in this dispensation light has come to the earth by which we know that by His doctrine of love and fraternity and mercy and repentance the Son of God will win. The evil one interrupted His ministry during the meridian of time, and temporarily stayed that which might have been accomplished, but in the day in which we live we have the promise that things from the beginning are

to be realized by us in this, the greatest dispensation that the earth has ever known.

I did not come here for preachment, my Sisters, I just came here to express my appreciation for the work which you are doing, and to bring my blessing to you, and the blessing of the President of the Church, and the blessing of Brother Clark. You have our confidence, you have our support, we thank you for the work which you are accomplishing, and pray our Father in Heaven that He will direct you aright, that you may not only be able to follow this straight and narrow path back to your former home, but to lead others after you. That is our great ambition today, to help other people, not to confine ourselves to work for our own interest, and our own advantage, but to love and think of other people, as Christ our Lord thought of them, and because of which He was exalted and sits upon the right hand of the Father, and He has promised all who follow Him and do His will that they shall sit upon His right hand. The promise is worth working for. May God help us all to realize it, I pray through Jesus, our Redeemer. Amen.

VILATE R. IVINS

Former President Mexican Mission Relief Societies

"GO ye forth into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every nation, kindred, tongue and people." These are the words of our Savior to His apostles, and these words apply to us today as much as they did to the apostles of Christ.

Almost three years ago now we were called to come from Hawaii and labor in the Mexican Mission, and this is the work that I have been called upon to report today, for it is the duty of the Mission President's wife to carry on the Relief Society work, or to see that it is carried on in a way that is most advantageous.

While the Mexican Mission is one of the oldest missions established, it has not been smooth sailing for that mission due to the laws of the Mexican Government, and the conflict in that land. The missionaries have had to leave Mexico many times, and cease preaching there.

At the present time part of our mission is in Mexico, and part in the United States, although the work in Mexico is carried on by the local brethren, and is not directed by the missionaries from Zion, except through correspondence. The headquarters of the Mexican Mission were transferred from El Paso, Texas, to Los Angeles, California, where during our time they were located. Now they have been moved back again to El Paso. When we had our headquarters in Los Angeles, we were almost 2,000 miles from the farthest branch of our mission, and by the way, we have a Relief Society in that branch. We went to the City of Mexico, but only as vistors, because of the laws and the requirements of the Mexican Government. We visited at that time two of the branches, but we were thrilled to find this people, who have been left so long to themselves, carrying on so well. I wonder sometimes how some of our remote districts would get along if we did not have someone assisting them from headquarters. It was the spirit of the Gospel which sustained them. We visited on the Sabbath Day, so did not see the Relief Society work, but the meeting was just as nicely carried out as we found here in the United States.

I am not able to say when the Relief Society work was started in Mexico, but I do know that after 1922 the work was started on this side of the border, and I know that in Mexico we have at the present time several organizations carrying on by themselves. They write to us and send their reports, and they show that they are doing an excellent work, carrying out their program, and they are able to make out the reports and ask questions.

To me it is a testimony that the Gospel changes us. It has changed these people—the Mexican and Hawaiian people—and it makes a change in every one of us who are filled with the spirit of the Gospel.

We have in the United States seven Relief Society organizations, in Los Angeles, California; Mesa, Arizona; El Paso, Texas; San Antonio, Texas; Laredo, Texas; Brownsville, Texas; and Corpus Christie, Texas. Some of these organizations are officered by our Elders.

One young man who was in charge of a district was very bashful, but he wanted to organize a Relief Society. He was the president and his companion was the secretary. He wrote to me a little while after, and said, "Sister Ivins I always thought the Relief Society was a very necessary thing. I know it is today because I have a testimony that it brings about peace and harmony wherever it is organized." Later several of the other organizations copied that one, and the elders officered the associations, but I do not want you to think that our Indian sisters—the Mexican people—are not glad to do it. In most of the places they take care of their own Relief Societies, and do it very well. They are anxious always to do the thing that is right. They are anxious to progress, and I want to testify to you people here today that I know in the three years I have been in the mission, not from my assistance, but only because they have been attentive to the Gospel, they have advanced greatly. While I have been in the Mexican Mission I have seen many of these people learn to read and write. They like to read in their association meetings. They stand up and read the scriptures, and they have learned to do it only through the spirit of the Gospel that permeates their bodies.

We are not able to report that we have been following the outline because we have so many obstacles to overcome. We have not until last November, had the Doctrine and Covenants in Spanish, and our people in the Relief Society speak and understand only the Spanish language. The Doctrine and Covenants is now translated into Spanish, so we will be able to follow the theology lessons as you have them outlined. We have not been able, so far, to follow the social service or literary work, but we have had two theology lessons, one work and business meeting and a testimony meeting. A part of the time is divided for testimonies, but at the beginning of this Relief Society year we started to have the teachers' topic translated into Spanish and many copies made of it, and we use that on testimony day for a lesson. This gives our Mexican sisters a subject to talk on in their testimonies, and prevents them from giving the same testimony all of the time. Then it serves also as a preparation for the teachers when they make their visits. We give them enough copies of the topic to leave one in each home. Our missionaries think the topics are so fine that many times they use them when tracting, and leave them with the investigators. Our visiting has increased since we started to use these

teachers' topics. The sisters like to know that they are doing things as they are at home. They appreciate this, and not only have the visits increased, but the teachers have grown more efficient.

Our missionaries, your sons and daughters, are magnified in their callings as missionaries. Last year we wanted the different associations to have on hand a quilt, and so I suggested to them that each one of them make a quilt. They obtained some pieces and made an old-fashioned patch-work quilt. In some of my travels through the mission I asked the missionaries if the sisters knew how to make a quilt. I doubted if any of them knew how to put it on the frame, and one missionary, a young man, said, "I know how, I helped my mother. We will not have any difficulty here because I know how to put the quilt on the frame." We went back again a little later, and I was surprised to find that he, with the aid of the sisters, had made more than one quilt. We have in another district a young man who is very nervous and bashful, and he does not have a mother to teach him how to make a quilt, but he, too, knew how to do it. We have had other missionaries in the field who have taught the sisters how to darn. I want to tell you that we had one missionary who darned his socks so well that I was afraid to darn them.

These missionaries have been truly sons and daughters to me, and I wonder sometimes if I could feel any different for children of my own than I do for these missionaries. We have had the joys and sorrows of a family. They come to the mission mother as they would go to their own mother, and I have tried in my weak way to make my home a true home to them, a home that they could come into no matter where they labored, when they came to Los Angeles.

I bring to you here greetings from the Mexican sisters, and also the brethren, because they are all anxious for your welfare, and I know you are anxious for theirs. We are all brothers and sisters in the Gospel of Christ, and whether they speak a different language, whether their complexion is different from ours, it does not make any difference, they are trying to live the Gospel.

COUNSELOR AMY BROWN LYMAN

IN my remarks I desire to make a few observations regarding some phases of our present-day problems and to remind ourselves that women can be constructive helpers in a crisis as well as in ordinary times.

There has probably never before been a time when so many of the people of this country have needed help, not only material help, but help in the way of encouragement and sympathy, in the way of moral support, in the way of spiritual comfort.

Of course the greatest help and comfort that can come to anyone in any kind of distress is faith in Divine Providence—faith in God, whom we believe, will surely protect and help those who love and serve Him and put their trust in Him. This is our conviction at the outset and all the way through. The Lord says, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So we do have this great source of comfort always.

However, this does not mean that we should do nothing ourselves. As Latter-day Saints know, we have always been taught that the Lord helps those who help themselves, that faith without works is dead. And so we are committed to the idea of work and service as well as faith.

It is no wonder that people today are worried and discouraged. Taxes are unpaid; homes and farms are mortgaged or have already been lost; many have been without regular work for several years; savings have been used up; insurance policies have lapsed; debts have accumulated.

The world itself is in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Some nations are disturbed politically and others are disorganized economically. Some are upset religiously, others are upset emotionally, and all are more or less low in morale. In our own country the government is confronted with so many complicated problems that it becomes the most serious condition it has ever known.

To recount these conditions may savor of gloom and pessimism, but the thinking people of the nation feel that every citizen should know for himself conditions as they actually are and should inform himself to the best of his ability regarding possible means of recovery.

There are those who refuse to be serious over present-day conditions, feeling that somehow, some way, we will come out without any special effort on the part of anyone, that things will right themselves. There are others who are so overwhelmed with gloom and discouragement that they can see *no* way out. These are both extreme positions to take. There is nothing helpful nor constructive in living in a fool's paradise, nor on the other hand, in giving up hopelessly to discouragement and despair. The wisest course is to take a middle-ground position, and the majority of the American people today are following this plan, and while trying hard to understand and to be helpful, and to make adjustments, they are waiting patiently though anxiously, and are supporting the government loyally in the heroic efforts it is making in untrodden paths to correct economic and social evils and to restore opportunity and security.

Of the many reasons given for our present dilemma, we shall mention only a few: selfishness and greed; the World War; the incurrence of debt, nationally, locally and individually, to the point where the nation, as well as communities and individuals, is in a pathetic condition. We are told that in 1912 the average per capita income in the United States was $410 and the average indebtedness $663. In 1933 the average per capita income as of March, 1933, was $300, and the average per capita debt was $1,400. In 1912, we owed nearly two-thirds more than our income, and in 1933, our debt was nearly five times as much as our income. Other reasons are: We have produced much more than we could consume; while production and consumption should run parallel we have had increased production and diminished buying power. Another observation is that our theory of social economy is obsolete. We are trying to run a new world today on plans that are a century old.

Mr. Pitkin in his book "More Power to You," predicts that during the next ten years we Americans will have to reorganize our lives, and learn new ways of work and living; that ten million of us who have had white collar jobs will in all probability have to do manual labor; that fifteen million more skilled laborers must seek new tasks; that in all probability ten million of us who have passed our 45th year, will have to drop out of the working world to make way for younger, more strenuous toilers; and that fifteen million others will be compelled by law to ease up to a shorter working week.

No government has ever tried harder to meet a situation than has ours, and many remarkable things have already been accomplished. The

government has consulted experts freely—economists, scientists, practical hard-headed business men, and laborers.

The following are some of the accomplishments: the Civil Works Administration program, by which 4,000,000 men were put to work, almost immediately was a wholesome business. It helped people materially and raised morale everywhere.

The Civilian Conservation Camps took care of thousands of boys and men from 18 to 25.

The care of transients in camps and the effort to get them located in their own communities is another fine piece of work.

The Housing program by which our largest cities with slum districts may borrow government money at a low rate of interest and build decent apartments which can be rented reasonably to working people.

The Federal Aid for adult education has helped educators who are out of employment as well as furnished opportunity for others out of work to have training.

The provision in the National Recovery Act, providing that children under sixteen cannot be employed in industry, released thousands of children from factories and work shops and sent them back to school. In the cotton industry in one large city, 1,000 children were thus released.

In any discussion of our present situation, the question naturally arises, How can we be most helpful? And particularly our query is: What can women do to help?

Women generally are not aggressive in public life, and do not desire to force their opinions upon others, nor to replace men in any field of thought or action. Still they should and do feel a responsibility as mothers and as full-fledged voting citizens, and a deep concern as property owners and tax payers.

The normal woman in the normal home is conceded to be the household manager, and a real home is a living, pulsating institution, varied in scope. She is not only the household manager, but the housekeeper, the nurse, the dressmaker, and most important of all, she is the family buyer. If she succeeds in this varied role, her experience certainly qualifies her in a measure for either community or government housekeeping, or at least to act as a judge or an adviser in these matters. It is only in recent years that women have been used at all as board members in public institutions where much of the work of such institutions is housing, housekeeping, sewing, cooking, purchasing supplies, etc.

There is no doubt that there are some phases of public life where women could do as well as has been done, and surely the world would be at least as well off as it is today if they had had more of a voice in our public affairs.

Thousands of women—lone women—are at the heads of growing families and are faced with all the problems with which men in the same position are faced. Mothers are familiar with and have an understanding and a comprehension of the problems of their grownup children who today are discouraged, who have been prepared by training for specialized work and can secure no work at all, young people who are ready to marry and settle down but who are absolutely without resources. Much of the property in the country is owned by women. Many of the taxes are paid by women.

Women can certainly understand many of our problems as well as men, e. g., what intemperance does to our boys and girls; what war does to the family and civilization; what

unjust taxation is; they know what it means to mortgage the home; what it means when the family bread-winner is without a job; they know also what kind of public officials we should have; who should go to the legislature, etc.

I believe it is apparent that there is a place for women among the world's thinkers and doers. In an address recently given by Governor Blood he complimented the women of Utah for their helpful and constructive work at the present time, stating that the women have been responsible for two state-wide programs: the nursing project, which employed more than one hundred nurses, and the nutrition program which has been carried out in every county. He said, "The work of the women of this State has been a revelation to me. Their work gives assurance that they will aid in executive capacities of the Government in the future."

And indeed, women are aiding the government in most important positions. The League of Women Voters announces there are more than 80,000 women employees in the service of the executive branch of the government. The list includes many bureau and division chiefs. Frances Perkins is our Secretary of Labor, the first woman to occupy a cabinet position; Ruth Bryan Owen is our Ambassador to Denmark; we have two women federal judges, Genevieve Kline and Florence Allen; six women have passed the State Department examinations and been appointed to posts in the foreign service.

With this encouragement, women in general need not feel inferior, nor that they have nothing to contribute. On the other hand, they should feel encouraged and inspired to go on. They should feel not only their major responsibility as bearers of children, as trainers of children; as home-makers; but also their responsibility as full-fledged voting citizens; and as contributors to world affairs. They should study and become more interested in social economics; in production and consumption. They should become better acquainted with our tax laws and other laws. They should become more active politically,—they should attend the primaries and political conventions and help select good men for office who are brave enough to enforce laws and to do their duty. They should concern themselves with the present-day conditions which are undermining the character of our youth, such as indecent moving pictures; with the declining morality which seems to be evident; with the lack of adequate religious training for young people. There is no substitute for religion and religious faith as a force and as a support.

As L. D. S. Church members and Relief Society women our interest in the Church should not be superseded by any other interest. It is within the power of L. D. S. women and L. D. S. families to make a great contribution to the nation by upholding the standards of the Church, for there are none higher nor more effective in contributing to happiness, success, good citizenship and righteous living. We can do this by example and precept; by conforming strictly to these standards in every detail; by being loyal to the Church and its leaders and upholding them in their earnest and righteous endeavors; by uniting with them in their effort to spread the Gospel, for no better plan of life can be offered anywhere for improving the world than the Gospel Plan of Life and Salvation.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

DURING the sessions of this conference I have been thinking of the splendid work that has been accomplished by the Relief Society since last April. It may be well to hastily review the outstanding successes of the past year, and to express our gratitude to you dear sisters for your faithful service.

First I want to tell you that I have prayed most earnestly that our Father in Heaven would bless us with a rich outpouring of His Spirit, at this conference. I thank Him that He has heard my prayers and your prayers, for I believe you have pray ed too. We know that the success of our plans and outlines depend entirely upon the blessings of our Father in interpreting them to our sisters.

You will recall that at April Conference, a year ago, we had the remarkable display of articles made by your dear hands. It was so lovely that immediately after conference we received a letter from President Grant, complimenting us upon our beautiful display. We were very happy about it.

We had contact with the International Council of Women in the congress at Chicago, and through the singing of these wonderful women, which came to us over the air, our cultural program was evident, and we had the opportunity of explaining our work to women from almost every nation in the world.

I wish we had time to speak at length of the monument at Nauvoo, because it is a real, living force. A prominent physician of Salt Lake, who was on his way to Europe visited Nauvoo. This is a part of the letter he wrote to Sister Child: "I feel I must send some greeting to you and others working with you, after seeing the monument and reading its inscriptions, at Nauvoo. The Relief Society still has the fortitude that carried the pioneers to Utah in 1847. We all recognize and appreciate, more than we voice, this good work that you still carry on."

The visit of Relief Society Executive Officers to Nauvoo and Independence in July of last year was made memorable by many beautiful experiences. Outstanding was the gift of a marvelous portrait of Emma Smith—our first President—graciously given to us by Dr. Frederick M. Smith, a grandson of Emma Smith. The portrait is a copy of a painting made in 1842, the year in which Relief Society was organized. It is a real acquisition to our Society to have this lovely picture.

Since October conference the Relief Society of the Australian Mission, under the presidency of Sister Hazel H. Tingey, has sent to our headquarters a beautiful collection of handwork, consisting of rugs, embroidery and elegant wool afghans. Soon after these articles were received, the Hawaiian sisters sent articles of their handwork, composed of beautifully woven fans, luncheon sets, fruit baskets and cornucopias, with greetings from the Relief Society on the Islands. Their president, Sister Verna F. Murphy writes: "As General Conference is approaching, a fervent desire comes over me to be with you in these wonderful inspirational meetings, but as it is impossible, I want you to know that I will be with you in spirit, and my prayers will be with you for your success in all that you undertake for the good of the Relief Society. I am confident that much good will result, for I know that the meetings will be inspired of God. Give my sincere Aloha to the sisters assembled."

We have received from the European Mission a program of the 17th

of March celebration in many languages, with greetings from the sisters.

We have also received a letter from a sister in Indiana, from which I quote: "I am far away from any Relief Society organization. We have not an organization anywhere near, but I want to belong to the Relief Society." She sent in her annual dues for two years, and asked us to give her credit.

I think it is a very fine thing that the Church officials have given us one month, September 15 to October 15, as our official month for getting subscriptions to the *Magazine;* it has been a very great benefit.

You are to be congratulated upon the way you have collected your annual dues. I know this is the result of enthusiastic effort of the Relief Society ward and stake presidents. So much depends upon capable leadership.

In our General Board meeting a few weeks ago we were discussing some extra work we wanted to do. The General Board members carry a very heavy load, and I asked if they could do more. I wish I had time to read all the answers, which were written in—such expressions as this: "The more I can do the happier I am." "Thanks for the opportunity to do more." "I consider each opportunity a privilege." I believe this is the spirit throughout the stakes and wards in the Relief Society.

The events of last year are most encouraging. What are we to do *next year?* What are our *standards?* Not long ago an educator was discussing Alcohol Education. Agreeing with her excellent program, I said, "The Latter-day Saints not only believe what you say about alcohol and tobacco, but we believe tea and coffee are not good." The question was asked, "What per cent of the Latter-day Saint people observe this?" I pass the question on to you. Wouldn't you be proud to say every Latter-day Saint? Why can we not say, "Every Relief Society member?" If it is of sufficient importance that our Heavenly Father speaks to His children about it, and asks them to live these health rules, isn't it important that we obey? I believe Relief Society women are observing this better than any other group, but wouldn't we be proud of our record if in a year from now we could say, "We have seventy thousand members in our Relief Society, and all of them keep the Word of Wisdom."

We seem to love to argue about the values in life, or ask "Why?" Strange, too, that women should do this, because we are so tired when our children want to know "Why?" Why they should not climb on the piano, they have never fallen off, their shoes do not scratch; why is it any worse to climb on the piano than to climb on a chair? Do you notice the similarity of these questions? Why is it worse to take a cup of coffee than to overwork? Why is a game of cards more objectionable than rook? What is wrong about raffling a quilt if we give a paper flower or a pencil when selling chances? Why should I clothe my body properly when other women do not? Have we not grown above this childish evasion of meeting an issue? When our Heavenly Father speaks, and when His Prophets advise, why shouldn't we love to listen, especially when these instructions are so easily observed? The encouraging part is, that by living these small requirements willingly and joyously, higher standards become easy.

We are asked by the General Authorities to speak of Tithing in the month of May. I wonder how

your tithing record would compare with one of which I heard Brother Widtsoe speak. He said in one part of England where the missionaries had not been for a number of years, they found a man who was a member of the Church, in dire poverty, living in a very humble home. This man lifted a board in the floor and took out his tithing, which he had kept religiously even though he had been hungry during that time. Is such a standard worth living for?

Do you ever take time to teach your children honesty? You cannot begin too early.

A recent number of the *Millennial Star* carries a report of an interesting interview between a young missionary, Franklin S. Harris, Jr., who is the son of Dr. Franklin S. Harris of the Brigham Young University, and a reporter on an influential London newspaper. Commenting on the interview the reporter said, "Harris said that he would prefer that I did not smoke while we were talking. His religion was against tobacco." There is no question about the standards of this young missionary!

Important as these standards are, our responsibility reaches even farther. There are many vital issues to which women can give powerful assistance. The road is wider for us than it was for our mothers. We have opportunities they made possible for us.

Last Fall I was invited to attend a Woman's Conference on Current Problems, held in New York under the auspices of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. I could not be at the convention, but was most happy to receive a report of the meetings. The subjects discussed were Peace, Youth, Spirituality. I wish I might review the whole report, but I shall quote from some of the addresses.

Lena Madison Phillips, President of our National Council of Women was one of the speakers. I quote from Miss Phillips' address: "Women, not men, are the primary preservers of the race, its culture, and its happiness. They are the mothers of men. They are the centre of the home. They are that age-long channel through which our cultural and spiritual force flows. They, above all people, must care if human welfare be sacrificed, if justice be overthrown, and if our civilization perish."

All who read and think, must be alarmed over the preparation being made for war in many countries. But who wants war? No nation can ever be victorious unless victory means desolation, sorrow, poverty and misery. In a peace meeting held in Salt Lake City last Sunday a speaker referred to one of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not kill," and said that commandment should be just as binding on nations as upon individuals. It is unthinkable that any Relief Society mother would want to risk the life of her son merely to kill the son of a Relief Society member in any foreign country.

Let me read a paragraph from an address delivered before the United States Senate, January 15, 1934, by Senator William H. King:

"Nearly all nations of the world having pledged themselves to renounce war and to settle all disputes by pacific means, it is astounding that there should be so much talk of war and military preparations. Billions of dollars are annually wrung from the people in order to build military fortresses and forge weapons of destruction. Millions of the flower of the world are drawn from the paths of peace and trained and disciplined in methods for the destruction of human beings.

"Some nations are organizing for

war. Too few are organizing the world for peace. . . .

"Nineteen hundred years ago there came into the world One whose life has been an inspiration to millions and who laid the foundations of a faith which will ultimately conquer the world. He was born in an obscure place in Palestine and lived in obscurity until He attained the age of 30 years. His surroundings were humble and His associates were among the poor of the earth. . . . He proclaimed the gospel of love, of peace, of salvation. . . .

"Military heroes have come and gone; nations have risen to eminence and wasted away; persons who held high station and were acclaimed in their lifetime, are forgotten; but the humble Nazarene, the Great Prince of Peace, the Apostle of Love and Righteousness—He lives and the progress and advancement of humanity will be in proportion to the acceptance by the people of the sublime teachings of the crucified Master.

"Is it not time to again and again challenge the world to His example; to His teachings, to the principles which He announced, and to the importance of their acceptance and incorporation into our lives? . . ."

A beautiful example of how youth would interpret this message is told in Francis Harmon's description of a boys' camp in Toronto. He said, "Lads from fifty nations piled fagots in one great heap and lighted a fire of friendship around which transcended the prejudices of race, and creed, and nationality, in accordance with the great revolutionary doctrine of world brotherhood which a Galilean youth so clearly proclaimed." We all realize that "Age makes wars; youth fights them."

My dear Sisters, last Fast Day, in my Ward meeting, we sang a song familiar to you all, "I Know that My Redeemer Lives." When you go home read that and see what you are grateful for, that He lives to plead for us; that He lives to calm our fears; and all these beautiful things, but He does that only to the extent that we are true and loyal to Him. It is not enough for us to have a testimony of the Gospel, we must do more than just know it, we must live it, and I humbly pray our Heavenly Father will bring into the lives of the Latter-day Saints the peace of the crucified Savior; that He will bring to us the knowledge that war and destruction is wrong, and that only by living the peace of his Son Jesus Christ, who came and gave His all for us, will we ever be able to quell these terrible fears and the destruction that is upon the earth when war exists. I pray that in your homes you will have this peace, and will live so that you may have a greater portion of the Spirit of God with you. I pray that you may have strength to do this, and when you go home, take the message of God with you. This is the most important thing that ever came into your lives or my life. As President Ivins said today, "It is not enough that we should live, but let us help others to live," and we can do it better by example than by precept.

May our Father in Heaven bless you sisters for coming out. We do love you and appreciate the efforts you make. May you have satisfaction in your work, and be comforted in all that you do, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Ordinary Mother

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

POETS chant and Reporters extol the accomplishments of our exceptional women. Magazine pages are filled with stories of those among us who through force of intellect, sheer will power, or a combination of circumstances have fought their way into ringside seats at the Big Show, for men only. In vain have I waited to hear a hymn of praise about that work-a-day person, the Ordinary Mother, she who's name and influence are known to her immediate circle only.

The Ordinary Mother holds no office, advances no reforms and is inclined to relegate the needs of Society to a second place—if she thinks of them at all. Her intellect is average. Her tongue, more times than not, faltering; her ideas safe. She complains some, scolds more, gossips occasionally, even spanks, but gives up—never!

Her dress is likely to be not last year's but the year's before, or, the year's before that. It isn't always becoming and sometimes looks as if it had been pulled on at the eleventh minute.

While our financial Queens match wits with competitors over matters involving hundreds or even thousands of dollars, the Ordinary Mother does only the old, prosaic, and entirely familiar task of making one dollar do the work of two. She even gets crabby trying to get Big Sister her promised dress, give Big Brother the dollar Dad refused him, and keep the family eating on that five dollars that *must* last until the end of next week.

Her voice is never heard in lecture halls but hucksters and clerks at bargain counters know it well. She would turn panicky at the words "Big Deal" but is a past-master at getting the most for the least money. She is no financier, she is too busy making ends meet.

She sometimes attends lectures but secretly wonders what it's all about and is happy to get back on to familiar grounds where she can grapple with darning cotton and tomato juice, hand-me-downs and the *un*lasting qualities of silk hose.

She has all reverence for her sister legislators, but the law governing dance halls to her doesn't hold a candle in importance with seeing that Daughter gets home from them when she should. The liquor problem is vital to her in direct proportion to the care and watchfulness it requires to keep Son away from the crowd that uses it. Her views on marriage and divorce she puts in one sentence, "when you are married you are married, and it's up to you to make the best of it."

Then again this Ordinary Mother isn't a club woman. Keeping one family within hailing distance of the Straight and Narrow is too absorbing. Let others carry the banner for a better civilization, it is all she can do to partly civilize one family with minds of their own.

She is always a follower but an indefatigable worker. Like the buck private in military ranks she puts into actual operation the plans of the generals; but never dreams she should share in their praise.

These Ordinary Mothers do such matter-of-fact things. One, when Daughter returns from a dance on cold winter nights, will snuggle into

bed with her until she is warm and drowsy; another, in two years time by odd bits of work saved money enough to buy a cow, then sold milk enough to feed it. One, after their little business was burned, produced a receipted insurance policy her husband had dropped. Yet another, when Daughter was offered a much needed position, said, "No. To take in washings two more years won't hurt me, but to quit school now will cripple you all your days."

JUST an Ordinary Mother is mine, Mary Nielson, born in Sanpete County, in 1865, the oldest daughter of Hans and Caroline Mortensen Nielson. As a girl bride she went with her husband Elijah Clapp, into the then barren wastes of San Luis Valley, Colorado. The group the Clapps joined lived successively in Richfield, Sanford, Manassa; and then under the leadership of Marcus O. Funk and others, they settled the village of Eastdale in Costilla County. There for years they battled the elements for existence.

There was no doctor nearer than Manassa; and between Eastdale and Manassa lay many miles of sand hills, and the unbridged Rio Grande. When sickness came the Sisters waited on each other. Mother had a natural gift for nursing and a calm level head under all circumstances. Soon she was being called regularly into the homes to help one of her sisters go through the Valley of the Shadow. For years she followed this calling and God so blessed her efforts that no mother nor baby was lost because of ignorance or negligence.

With the other women of the village she washed and carded wool and spun her own yarn. Perhaps she did it a few years longer than most of them. Knitting was automatic. I can never remember her with idle hands. Many times she ground wheat in a borrowed coffee mill to make bread for her babies. She shod them with moccasins made of old denim and corduroy. True to the best Danish traditions she always did the milking, and as a matter of course made butter and cheese. When her husband was away, as he often was laying brick or molding adobes, choring was added to her regular routine of housekeeping and child bearing. The latter was a life-time job for she bore a child every two years for twenty-four years; at one time she gave birth to twins. Two were buried in Sanford, two in Eastdale.

HER trials were not always physical. For fifteen years after going to Colorado she saw none of her people. Then fantastic dreams came true and she went home to Sanpete for a blessed three months. For thirty years no blood relative crossed her threshold. Her parents were never in her home after she left Sanpete. It was a severe trial but staying by her husband was her job. She often smiles now at women's pleas of non-support and incompatibility. Rebelling against their lot just wasn't done by women of her type.

IN nineteen hundred five her husband went to Idaho, and true to form she followed a few months later. They settled on a homestead near Moore, on Lost River. Here her thirteenth child was born. Then, to her work as a farmer's wife, were added the anxiety and heartbreaking care of an invalid husband. For eight years she struggled along, caring for him, making her own living, keeping her children in school.

When the father knew his days were numbered he moved the family to Iona, where a married son lived.

He lingered long enough to see them settled in their new home, then went ahead to prepare another home in that more glorious land, the Great Beyond.

NOW bereft of his love and council, far from brothers and sisters, a stranger in a new town, she leaned more heavily than ever upon the Priesthood and the associations it gave her. That Gospel that had set her feet to the path, that had kept her following that path weary year after weary year, was her solace in her hour of grief. Her children were brought up to reverence the voice of authority. By example alone were they grounded in the faith for she never preached.

Her's has been a great struggle, surmounting the difficulties that beset the path of the common worker; a willing struggle, for at her side was her eternal companion, ahead the voice of the Priesthood; a fruitful struggle—for out of it has come attributes and qualities that will bring exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom. Just an average Mother who submerged her own life in her children and through the submerging gained her own.

Dear Ordinary Mothers, God bless you. As the father said to the faithful son all we are and have is thine. And in the final reckoning I am wondering if the Great Judge will not find something extraordinary about you after all.

Mother's Day

Mother's Day.

Dear Mother:

On your Day
I burn a taper
At the Altar of
Motherhood!
To you who fashioned my body
And moulded my soul
I give reverence.

It is hard to say something to you on this day that might let you know how much you have meant to me. I should dislike having my words tinged with sadness or sentimentality; rather I should like you to know that my respect for you as a person is as great and potent a thing as my love for you as my mother—that my brain appreciates you as well as my heart. That my need for you is almost greater now than when you gave me such service as only a mother can give, for now you are my friend and companion as well as my Mother.

My first distinct memory of you is just a picture—to which I have never before alluded. You sat in a low chair with a baby in your arms. The brilliant rays of the setting sun enthroned you in glory. You rocked slowly, almost in time to the contented gurgles of the nursing child. I think that was the first intimation I had of the beautiful. I have seen you many times since in such an attitude. But now your babies are grown I see you in an attitude, with my mind's eye, greater than any of these. I see you mother, my tangible symbol of all Motherhood, sitting in the glow of celestial light rocking the world.

As the finest tribute I can pay, you have made Motherhood not emotionally sentimental but so intellectually beautiful that I am looking forward with eagerness to a time when I shall take my place in that Eternal Pageant rocking the world in the form of my own small baby. * * *

Marie.

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie C. Carroll

VI

PETER'S admission that he had mortgaged the home and the store to raise capital for his new real estate venture troubled Anne. She agreed that if the store merger went over in the way they expected, that they would be able to clear the mortgage before it was due. But there were always many uncertainties in any venture. Besides, she learned later that one of the most important store managers had not yet signed the agreement. Peter seemed absolutely sure that it was merely a slight technical question delaying the man but Anne feared this might be some loophole which would spell ruin to the entire scheme.

Peter was so full of enthusiasm, however, that she tried to hide her own misgivings and share his rosy outlook for their future. Whenever she was tempted to chide him for not waiting until one plan had entirely matured before rushing into another, or to suggest the calamity that would befall them if anything should go awry with the scheme, she checked herself with the thought that such was what a mere *wife* would do while she held herself to be more than a mere wife to Peter; she was his *helpmate* and that term to her mind included the finest type of loyalty and devotion, and courage to stand by and to do the best her wisdom could dictate in any circumstances.

She was certain that criticism and doubt would not help in the present situation. Such an attitude would impair Peter's efficiency and perhaps bring about failure when *success* might be possible.

The many other things demanding Anne's attention during this time helped to keep her from thinking too much about the new venture.

A few days after her return from Boston, Morris came one morning. She knew immediately that he was terribly upset.

"Mother, I've come to talk with you. Could—could we go someplace where we—won't be disturbed. I'd rather even Dad didn't know—about my trouble—right now at least. You know how straight-laced he is about some things. Can we go into your room?"

Very early in her married life Anne had determined to try to make a sort of little sanctuary of *her room.* She had impressed upon the family that when she was closeted there with one of the children, the others were not to disturb. She had also made it a practice to try to rest in the quiet of that room a few moments every day. It was there she faced her problems and found through meditation and prayer, the courage to go on when things seemed unusually difficult.

"What is it, son?" She asked taking the low rocker beside the window and motioning Morris to the settee at the foot of her bed.

He hesitated, but Anne decided not to help him with the confession she feared he was going to

make. She was inwardly saying that customary little prayer with which she faced the crises of her loved ones: "Dear Lord, give me wisdom. Help me to help my boy."

Finally without looking at her Morris asked,

"Mother, it isn't right for a man and a woman to live together when they do not love each other, is it?"

She did not answer for a little time, then she said,

"Well, I should say *that* depends upon the circumstances."

"Why, how could it ever be right. Love should be the thing that holds a man and a woman together. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, I agree with that; love and respect and mutual interest."

"Mother, I—I don't love Phyllis. I can see now that you and Dad were right when you tried to get me to wait. I remember you said that we were not mature enough to know what we wanted. That one or both of us might change so much during the next few years that we would be living in different worlds. I know now what you meant. I've grown. Phyllis is living in the same little superficial mental world she was in at seventeen. We are a thousand miles apart.

Anne sat gazing at a butterfly swaying on the trumpet vine outside the window. Finally Morris continued.

"And besides, she left home. She's been gone for weeks now and hasn't written a line—just left a note when she went telling me she was going to visit her Aunt. *That's* desertion—grounds for divorce."

"Is that all—all you have to tell me?" asked Anne's quiet voice.

Morris flushed.

"That's enough, isn't it? We're not compatible. She has left home. I want a divorce."

"Is the fact that you have progressed into a different intellectual world her *only* reason—for her leaving home?"

Morris got up and moved restlessly about the room.

"I see that you've heard about Marian, so I won't have to tell you. Phyllis is jealous of her. She was jealous before I ever found out that—I cared. Mother, Marian Welling is wonderful. She has vision and understanding. I could reach—the top with her to inspire me. Mother, I want her."

"Have you thought of Junior?"

"Good Lord. yes. That's the thing that makes it hard. I'm crazy about that little shaver, and even if Phyl isn't very capable as a wife—I don't suppose the law—"

"No. Phyllis is a wonderful little mother, no law on earth would take her baby from her."

Morris colored.

"Well, I at least could see him all the time—and have him part of the time."

"Would that be fair to him? If you are anything like your father, Morris, the minute Junior was born you began planning the kind of life you wanted him to have. Nothing, you feel, is too good or too wonderful for your son. Your father knew you were going to college the day you were born, though he didn't know where the money was coming from to buy you a cradle."

"Lots of people *do* get divorces and the kids get along. I'd still do everything I've planned for Junior."

"But how? You've heard statistics about child delinquency and

broken homes. Doesn't the fact that you mean almost everything to that little boy mean anything to you?"

"Of course it does," Morris answered miserably. That's what makes it seem rotten. But I've a right to think of myself too. I have a right to happiness, haven't I."

"Sometimes," Anne answered slowly, "things we do condition the kinds of happiness we have a right to."

"Mother, you want me to go on living with Phyllis when I don't love her? When I love another woman? Do you call that being decent?"

"I wonder if it isn't as decent as breaking the heart of the girl you chose to be the mother of your son, and handicapping that son's future."

"I believe if you knew Marian, you would understand what her companionship and inspiration would mean in helping me realize the best that is in me. Then you wouldn't preach; you'd help me."

"I didn't mean to preach. I thought I was just raising a few of the questions involved." Then with a sudden thought she added,

"Why not let me meet Marian? She knows, does she, how you feel, that you love her—and are hoping to get a divorce?"

"No. I'm not that big a scoundrel yet. I think she knows that I love her. But I've got to get out of the other first before I could tell a girl like her. And until we do separate, I've got to be decent with Phyllis—even though she has accused me of almost everything."

Anne gave a little sigh of relief. Morris *did* have some of his father's fine sense of honor—even in a time of emotional stress. She spoke calmly.

"Why don't you bring Marian over to spend a week-end with us? I'd like to know her. Come next Saturday—if Phyllis is still away. Marian is working for Randall's isn't she?"

"Yes. She has the new department in interior decorating. Her office is next to mine. I'll do it Mom—I'll bring her over. If you get to know her, I know you'll help me find a way out. Oh, but I have to go to look at a site for Lawrence Badger's new home Saturday." Then after a few seconds thought, he added, "I'll tell you; Marian can come out Saturday afternoon and I'll come that night or Sunday morning. That will give you a chance to get acquainted before I get here. You're a peach, Mom. I've never brought a hard problem to you yet that you didn't help me solve it."

AFTER Morris had gone Anne sat for some time by the window. She was thinking that Morris had never brought her quite such a problem as this to solve.

When she arose, she went to the telephone and called Phyllis.

"I was wondering if you wouldn't come down for the week-end, Phyllis. I am going to have a group of friends in Saturday afternoon, and I'd like to have you sing for them. I saw Mr. Driggs yesterday, and he told me that you are doing exceptionally well with your music. Can't you come this afternoon? Never mind about your dress. There's a pretty blue one in the store that I was telling Gloria only this morning would just match your eyes. I was planning to get it for your birthday. We'll get it now instead.

All right, dear. On the six. I'll be looking for you."

Next Anne called Gloria at the store.

"Bring that blue dress we were looking at this morning home when you come tonight. I want it for Phyllis. Yes, charge it. She's coming down for the week-end, and I'm planning to have a little party and have her sing. Yes. Yes, I like the yellow one best for you anyway."

PHYLLIS and Junior arrived at 6 o'clock. Phyllis was outwardly cheerful, but Anne could read wretchedness in her eyes. She wanted to find out how she felt, so she followed her upstairs when she went to put Junior to bed in Morris' old room.

"I've done just as you told me," Phyllis said with a touch of bitterness, "I haven't written a word. But neither has he. It's likely just what he wanted, for me to go away—so he can have a clear hand with *her*. I can't stand it! To think—she may be—right there—in the house with him."

Anne's heart ached for the girl and she felt a terrible responsibility in the part she was taking in the affair. She tried, however, to keep her voice casual when she spoke.

"Phyllis, you naturally imagine all sorts of things. But you ought to know Morris well enough to know that even if what you imagine were true, even if he wanted a divorce, he would go about it in a less despicable way than you suggest. How have you got along with your music?"

"I love it," said Phyllis, her face suddenly lighting. "When I'm taking my lesson or practicing—I almost forget."

"That is what you have needed—some interest of your own. You've been too interested in Morris and Junior and not enough in yourself. Now, if you'll keep on with your music and do a lot of reading, you'll have something interesting to think and talk about and—I'm sure Morris will be more interested in you than when you were giving every thought to him. Men are queer that way. They don't want to be too sure—even of the things they love."

"If—If I only thought he loved me—I could do anything."

"Morris is yours—to fight for—and to try to hold, or if what you think is true, to win back. You have advantages over this other woman. You were Morris' childhood sweetheart; you are the mother of his son."

"But that girl is smart and educated and interested in the things he is. She inspires him to do big things in his work. I'm in a different class."

"Phyllis, I don't know this other girl, but I do know that since Morris was a little boy, he has thought you were the *prettiest* girl in the world. A pretty face counts a lot with men—even when they are older than Morris. Since the baby was born you've had to neglect yourself. Now you must begin taking care of your hair and skin again. Tomorrow I want you to go down and have a facial at Miss Newman's and a permanent. And I want you to come in my room when Junior is asleep and see that pretty new birthday dress that just matches your eyes. I want you to look nice when you sing for my friends to-morrow."

Anne kept her own counsel about Marian's coming. She hadn't even told Peter anything about

the little drama that was being enacted about their own hearthstone. She feared, as Morris had suggested, that his sense of right was too rigid to find patience with her method.

AT two o'clock on Saturday Anne's guests began to arrive. Gloria and Phyllis were busy assisting her in receiving. Phyllis was lovely in the blue dress, and the sadness in her great blue eyes made her singularly appealing. Anne could readily see that a young man might fall desperately in love with such a face and such a form and think that nothing else could matter.

The party was a kensington, so for a time the ladies sewed and chatted. Anne was conscious of a nervous excitement as she watched for the coming of Marian Welling. Morris had said she would be in on the three fifteen train, so at three thirty Anne announced Phyllis' first song. Horace Daniels, a young music teacher for the high school, accompanied her.

She had scarcely started to sing when a taxi stopped at the gate and a tall, fair girl started up the walk. Anne went to the porch to meet Marian Welling.

(*To be continued*)

Mother

By Roxana Farnsworth Hase

Your hair has turned to silver,
But your heart is more like gold,
Not the type that mankind barters
But that from a finer mold.

The gold that is burnished and mellowed
With the service of many years,
Tempered, refined, made purer,
By your triumphs and your tears.

Age rests on your brow like a halo
Serene — for he knows your real worth,
And your face grows more sweet, and more noble
Every day that you live on this earth.

Peace

By Nicholas Murray Butler

Peace is not an ideal at all; it is a state attendant upon the achievement of an ideal. The ideal itself is human liberty, justice, and the honorable conduct of an orderly and humane society. Given this, a durable peace follows naturally as a matter of course. Without this, there is no peace, but only a rule of force until liberty and justice revolt against it in search of peace.

Mother's Day

By Fontella S. Calder

MARY BRIGGS set the two heavy water-pails down on the cobble stone curbing of the spring and dropped to a seat beside them. It was quiet and peaceful with the warm, sweet fragrance of early spring.

There was an angry light in Mary's dark eyes.

"Dairy cows, indeed! Oh, John, and you promised—at least you let me believe—you said you'd see after the taxes were paid—and those lovely sets, orchid, pink, green—and I said, 'Oh, I would never expect anything one half so nice as the very plainest of these.'"

Startled by her outburst, Mary glanced hastily around to see, if perchance, anyone had overhead. A sudden whirr of wings convinced her that not even a pair of bluebirds, busily constructing their summer residence under the eves of the rude spring-house had been witnesses to her emotion. Thus reassured, she fell to watching the two mites of feathered blue, as with happy trill, they wove, bit by bit, their tiny home.

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul," she softly whispered. Then she smiled. That smile was characteristic of Mary Briggs, and it cleansed her heart of all resentment. With a sigh she relaxed her tense nerves and leaned back against a supporting post.

It was lovely here; all around were the broad acres of their fertile farm. To the north she could see the little winding creek, outlined with the tender green of spring; the pasture land bordering it dotted with the dazzling white of newly sheared sheep. To the west, the rich brown earth, freshly turned, that would yield its harvest of wheat and barley, corn and oats, in a few short months. To the south, the rich green acres of fragrant alfalfa. And to the east, a few yards, their residence—the plain square structure that had, somehow, achieved beauty by the addition of surrounding porches covered with virginia creeper, and the skillful planting of shrubs and flowers. A tightness came into Mary's throat as she contemplated the joys and sorrows that had been hers while she had lived and borne her six children, beneath the shelter of its roof. An added tightness came as she thought of how she had been forced to scheme and save, in order to bring into that home the little touches of beauty and convenience which her soul had craved.

DEAR, kind John, so methodical, so industrious and practical, never had understood why Mary would upset things with her new ideas. Twenty years ago the house had been completed, as he saw it. Four large, square rooms downstairs; four large, square rooms upstairs, each with two windows, and a door leading into a long hall.

Even the grandeur that such a structure had presented to their country neighbors in those days had never satisfied Mary. Somehow she would always have a vision of numerous closets and cupboards, and cosy vine-clad nooks.

"John, dear, what do you think about a porch for the east side of the house?" she had ventured.

"A porch, Mary? and why a porch? Would we live on a porch?"

"It would be plesaant in the sum-

mer, John, covered with vines, and would make the house look better," she replied.

Then characteristically, John had said, "But it takes money, Mary, remember that."

"Yes, John, I have a little saved. I believe enough to build the porch." Mary was smiling happily.

"Very well, have the porch if you want it."

Then Mary took a key from behind the kitchen door, crossed a few feet of door yard, descended some steps and unlocked the cellar door. From behind the rows of jams and jellies she slid an old brown stone jar. Removing the cover she emptied the contents into her apron—a little pile of silver dollars, half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels—money from her chickens. Joyfully she counted out the even dollars, put the odd cents back into the jar for a "nest egg" and slid it once more behind the jams and jellies.

The porch had been built and covered with vines. But not all of Mary's plans had been so easily accomplished. She smiled as she thought of how many times the contents of the old stone jar had been despoiled for purposes other than household conveniences—piano, music lessons, mission, college, appendicitis operation, taxes, etc.

In time, however, there had been other changes here and there, but the thing she had wanted most had not been achieved. For ten years it had been a constant desire.

This cool, gurgling spring at her side was down a slope of some five or six rods from the house. To have this water lifted into her kitchen with a sink and accompanying drain had been her wish. During the last few years she had even planned a bathroom, partitioned off from the large kitchen. In vision, the sink and cupboards had been placed in various positions. One year she had a color scheme worked out, and the next year she had changed it in keeping with new ideas. This year she had even created the bright border of nasturtiums she would stencil on the plain muslin curtains.

Perhaps, while thus dreaming, Mary would find that she needed a fresh rinse for the twins silky underthings, or more water for the soap she was making. Then, with the water pails she would make a trip to the spring. Thus, brought to reality, she would murmur—"just a tap and the plainest of sinks, is all I ask."

LAST fall, while on a trip to the city, she and John had visited Leon, their young and promising second son, at the large department store where he worked. They had looked at pumps and pipes and sinks, bathroom outfits in lovely pastel shades and in plain substantial white. For once, John had seemed interested.

"After the first of the year, Mary, when things are settled up, we will see what we have left, and, perhaps, we can install the pump. While prices are low will be a good time to buy, if we can get the cash. But we must have the cash, Mary. That has always been my policy, and that is the reason our farm is free from mortgage today."

"Oh yes, John, I know," Mary had replied. But joy had sung in her heart all the winter—and now, this disappointment—he had forgotten!

MARY was serving the dessert when John had said, rather bluntly, "Cramer wants to sell his dairy herd."

"Can't make a go of it with prices so low, eh?" responded David, their

second child and first born son, so like his father and a partner with him in everything.

"Bought when prices were high, went in debt. Good young stock, dirt cheap," added John.

"Well," David replied, "it's a good buy for some one. Chance to make some money when things pick up."

A brief silence, during which, Mary unsuspectingly, had wondered at the fate of the Cramers—and then, the thunder-bolt had fallen.

"Dave, my boy, I think we had better buy those cows."

Mary was glad she had been removing the dinner plates at the time. For one incredible, long moment, she stared at her husband's back, while tap and sink faded to oblivion, and then, she had fled through the back door and with the water-pails to the spring.

This had always been a habit of Mary's, this trip to the spring, when under the stress of sudden great emotion. Psychologists would tell us that it was, precisely, the thing she should have done. Mary didn't know so much about psychology, but she did know that she was always able to return with serenity. Indeed, no trace of emotion was present now as she arose and lifted the water-pails.

THAT evening, when John asked for her opinion, she was able to say, in all sincerity, "John, dear, if you and David consider it a wise investment, get the cows by all means."

Anyway, she knew there was a little pile in the old stone jar, how much she was not certain, but she would keep on adding to it, and dream a bit longer.

John and David did a great deal of figuring during the next few days. Several trips were made out to Cramers. Things were not coming out as they had hoped. They were afraid they couldn't raise the money. Mary was sympathetic but there were firm lines about her mouth—funny how she kept thinking of the old stone jar.

The deal must be closed by Saturday. It was Friday. John returned from a trip to Cramers looking very gloomy.

"Well, Mary, I guess the deal is off," were almost his first words. "I haven't quite enough money and I won't borrow."

"Are you greatly disappointed, John?" Mary asked cautiously.

"Yes, I am. The more I have thought about it, the more convinced I have become that it would be a good investment. Dave will be married in the summer, you know, and build right next to us. It would be a big help to him in getting a start."

"Why, of course, I hadn't thought of that," Mary was contrite. "How much money do you need, John?"

"If I had fifty dollars I could close the deal, might as well be fifty hundred," and John laughed resentfully. "Oh, well"—he shrugged his shoulders to rid himself of the affair and settled in a comfortable chair to look over the morning mail.

Mary took a key from behind the kitchen door, went to the cellar and unlocked the door. From behind the rows of jams and jellies she removed an old brown stone jar. An exclamation of surprise escaped her lips as she emptied the contents into her lap—"I didn't think there would be this pile. I took every cent out last fall to start Florence on her music career in the city, and now, all this!" She counted out exactly sixty-five dollars and forty-nine cents.

She would give John the fifty dollars he needed. Five she would send to Florence to get something for her spring wardrobe. Margaret should have five. Margaret was her first born child and now happily settled in

a home of her own; but things were going hard with them. Five dollars would buy Margaret and baby John a new pair of shoes, which they needed badly.—"And tomorrow she would go into town and get two of those dainty print dresses in Fowlers, for the twins—high school girls need so many. Then, perhaps, she could find a nice collar and cuff set, for a dollar, to freshen up her old flat crepe, for Mother's Day, just one week away." Thus, happily musing, Mary dropped the forty-nine cents back into the old stone jar and slid it into place behind the jams and jellies.

On Saturday the new dairy herd was established on the Briggs' farm and Mary assumed the responsibility of caring for the extra cream.

THE week that followed was a busy one. Preparatory to the general house-cleaning, which was delayed until the twins were out of school, Mary began on cellar and cupboards, closets and drawers, with her customary fervor. Chickens and garden also claimed her attention.

During the execution of these physical tasks she was thinking of Mother's Day on Sunday—how she had loved her own dear mother—what a blessing this, of motherhood—what a responsibility, to return these spirits back to the kingdom of God. She thought of Leon, that impulsive, dark eyed son; had she done right to encourage him in a business career, when he had showed dislike for the farm? She hadn't liked the painted, loud voiced girl she had seen him with in the city. She had hoped he would see much of little Ella Winters, while she was in the city for school. She was such a dear child.

SATURDAY came all too soon. Dusk had begun to gather ere Mary Briggs found time to stitch the new collar and cuffs on to the old flat crepe. She drew her chair close to the window. She didn't want to turn on the light. She didn't want anyone to see if she cried just a little, it might loosen the lump that had been in her throat all the afternoon. But she didn't want anyone to know.

Tomorrow was Mother's Day, and the mail carrier had passed this last day without leaving her any word or token from Florence and Leon—"Oh, I knew they wouldn't have the money to come home, but I thought they would remember. Have I schemed and saved, to give them their chance in the city, only to have them forget the old home and me?"

Everything else would be as it had always been. David would come, in the early morning, with a lovely bunch of violets, gathered fresh from the creek bottom. The twins would try their luck with some elaborate cake for dinner. There would be Sunday School. Then Margaret and her family would return with them for dinner; Margaret with a lovely bit of hand-work and deft fingers to prepare a favorite salad for dinner.

She must not let them know how she felt. There had been some cause for delay. Perhaps on Monday she would hear—Yes, on Monday would come a letter of gushing affection from Florence and flowers or candy from Leon. She closed her eyes to brush away all trace of tears, and as she opened them again, was dazzled by the brilliant lights of a car, just turning in their drive-way.

"Well, for goodness sake, I wonder who can be coming this time of day." Mary leaned farther over the boxes of tomato and cabbage plants for a closer view. "Looks like a loaded truck—hm—hardly like a truck

either. Well, it's stopping at the side gate—some one getting out—a young man, two girls, strangely familiar"—With a sob of joy Mary hastened to the door, only to be preceded by the twins, with their noisy shouts of—"Leon! Florence! you old scouts, why didn't you send word you were coming?—why Ella Winters, this is good." But Mary Briggs was almost speechless with joy as she was folded in the arms of her son and daughter. She gave Ella a welcoming hug.

John and David had arrived on the scene and there was much noisy chatter and a great deal of laughter.

The twins were poking at mysterious packages and crates. Mary still in the shelter of Leon's arm looked up to say, rather fearfully, "Leon, what have you got tied all over your car?" Leon looked, with tenderness, at his mother, for a full minute, before he replied, "A present for the best little mother in the whole world, and I wasn't trusting it to freight trucks either."

"Something you have wanted for a long time," Florence supplied eagerly—and Mary whispered—"not —not a tap and sink."

"A tap and sink, absolutely, and all the fixings to go with it, including a bath-room outfit, in the creamiest yellow you ever saw. Just made to be yours, mother, and I know, because I picked it out." Florence was enthusiastic.

"But Leon, you couldn't—no you couldn't have done all this yourself." Mary was incredulous.

Leon laughed, "Well I should say not. Witness Florence's approval and if there were more light you could see how sheepish Father and Dave are looking.

"Father and David?" Mary asked bewildered. "Come into the house, my dears, so I can get this straight."

"John Briggs, don't tell me you have known about this all the time."

"I'm afraid I have, Mary. It was Leon's idea but we all promised to help all we could."

"Got a check for the last necessary fifty from Dad last week. He didn't know we were iucluding the bath-room. But gee, I couldn't pass it up. The company made me such a good price, so I just wrote and said, if you could spare another fifty—"

"Last week? Why John, you were bargaining for the cows then. Were you and David going to sacrifice the cows—to do—this?"

"Oh, come, mother, don't make us out martyrs," Leon hastened to say.

The twins were sulking. "We think you are all down right mean, not to let us in on the secret."

"Little girls who are freshies in high school aren't supposed to keep secrets," Leon was teasing.

"Well, old smarty, that only goes to show how much you know. We have been keeping a secret ever since Christmas. We knew mother was saving for a tap and sink. We found where she had the money, so we have been saving fifty cents out of our allowance every month and adding to it, so there!"

The family gazed in surprised admiration at the twins; but Mary, her voice trembling with emotion, could only say, "Oh, my darlings, you are all so kind and thoughtful—and—what a surprise!" Then in order to gain her composure she became practical.

"For land sakes, Ella, I'm forgetting to take your wraps. Leon, why do you stand as though in a hurry to leave?"

"Well, Mother, I was going to drive on over to Winters to take Ella home. We have another little surprise for you before we go." He led the now blushing girl, to his mother

and father, as he said, "Meet the future Mrs. Leon Briggs," and turning to David, "We thought we might make it a double, eh old boy?"

With exclamations of happy surprise, warm hand shakes, and affectionate kisses, sweet, little Ella Winters was welcomed into the Briggs' family.

"You won't go one step until you have had something to eat. We have some claim on Ella, now. Girls, finish setting the table. Take the milk from the top shelf, and be sure, to stir in all the cream." Mary Briggs then disappeared through the kitchen door and out into the night with the water-pails.

Down by the spring there was soft moonlight and apple-blossom fragrance. She raised her eyes—"Dear Father, I thank Thee, for this great blessing of being a wife and a mother."

Thinking of You

By Bertha A. Kleinman

To the mother whose arms have never pressed,
A baby's head to her lonely breast,
To the mother whose lips have never sung,
A lullaby in a baby's tongue,
To the mother whose prayers, through time and space,
Have seemed to fail at the Throne of Grace—
No plea, no prayers, no tears of thine,
Are ever wasted in God's design,
For He who counteth the sparrow's fall,
Eternal increase shall yield to all,
And the motherhood that is here denied
Shall yet be given and glorified!

CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

MAY—Like a queen she walks amid the pageant of months, crowned with fragrant flowers. Her loveliness she lays upon the shrine of mothers and heroes.

SIGNORA MARGHERITA SARFATTI, famous Italian writer and Mrs. Vera Micheles Dean, specialist in Russian and Danubian affairs, are two of the noted foreigners who attended the World's Affairs Institute in the United States.

GRACE COOLIDGE is vice-president of the Motion Picture Research Council, interested in correcting evils in that industry.

DOWAGER QUEEN EMMA of Holland who died recently was greatly beloved for her charities. She was also a beneficent patron of the arts.

DR. YAM S. KIN, who died last March was the first woman to practice western medicine in China. A son who enlisted in the United States forces was killed in the World War.

MRS. ELLEN WOODWARD, director of women's employment for the C. W. A. states there have been 242,000 women given jobs and she is amazed at the versatility and originality of the women workers.

MASAKO KUSODA, of Japan, had her love romance shattered by the indomitable Mussolini, who objects to the Japanese gaining through marriage, or other way, any influence in Ethiopia. She was to marry the dusky prince, Lij Araya, and both Japan and Abyssinia had consented.

TRGERYEN HUIR HAS, a Catholic and commoner, was more fortunate. Her marriage to the Buddhist Emperor was sanctioned by the Pope and the government of French Indo-China, though there were grumblings among the natives of Armour.

MRS. JEAN PICCARD is planning an overnight flight into the stratosphere as pilot for her husband. She will attend to the maneuvering of the balloon, while he studies the cosmic ray and gathers scientific data.

MISS LAURA INGALLS, New York aviatrix, says the thrill of her life was her solo flight over the Andes.

MISS LENORE KIGHT, of Homestead, Pa., broke the women's world record for free style swimming at the Boston University swimming contest this spring.

MISS HELEN MORRIS, accomplished Salt Lake girl, has an engagement with the Galeway Players of Hollywood.

RUBY EPPERSON McQUARRIE, a Salt Lake artist, recently sang in entertainment before President Roosevelt at the White House.

EVA LE GALLIENE'S autobiography is delightful reading. Though too young for memories, she gives a critical appraisal of her career thus far, which touches a sympathetic chord.

BARBARA PEART, in her Memoirs—"Tia Babarita," tells the story of her own gay and glamorous career. The book carries one through high adventures all over the western world.

My N. R. A. Border

By Hattie M. Moore

COLOR combinations, color schemes, and color symbolisms applied to our gardens are so alluring and interesting. In no other part of the garden can we get more pleasing results than in our borders. We all admire a beautiful border, and we can quite easily have one.

I have decided to use the national colors, red, white, and blue as the color scheme in a long border in my garden for this summer. I will call it my N. R. A. border. The meaning will typify two things, the color scheme, our national colors, also its ability to bring joy and beauty from earliest spring to late autumn.

This border was planned last summer. I must have early blooming flowers in this particular border. It had held my tulips for several seasons. I had moved my tulips to a new location, and I must substitute some other early flowering plants. I decided to have in this border only low growing varieties, none to be over eight inches tall. To achieve real beauty the plants must all be of uniform height.

Pansy plants are reliable early bloomers, the English daisy, in my mind, is always a close companion to the pansy. For the first planting I chose these two flowers. Their blooming season is over about the time the annual plants would need their place in the bed, for there must be a successive planting to make the border of lasting beauty.

I sent to my favorite seed man for two packets of extra special giant pansy seeds and one of English daisy seed.

I planted my pansy seed in shallow boxes the latter part of August using quite a heavy unbleached muslin tacked securely over each box leaving a two inch space between the soil and cloth cover. By doing this I could turn a spray from the garden hose on as often as needed without disturbing the soil. The soil must be kept damp and not too much sunshine, so I placed the boxes near a shrub where they were partly shaded during the hottest part of the day. The plants were up good by the second week in September. The width of my border allowed room for three rows of plants without crowding. There would be two rows of pansies and one of English daisies. Two weeks before planting I worked the soil and added a light dressing of well rotted cow manure and lawngrass clippings. The little plants were set out about the middle of October. I set the rows about ten inches apart and planted the pansy plants about that same distance in the rows, the daisies somewhat closer. This gives room for the plants to spread without crowding. I sprinkled a light dressing of the manure over the bed in December, as we had very little snow this year, to protect the young plants.

For the national color border I chose the following free blooming, low growing annuals which I shall add to my border the last of April, weather conditions being favorable. The red "Phlox Drummondii," a compact long blooming flower. For white, Alyssum "Little Gem." This lovely little white flower is fragrant, hardy, very compact in growth, and literally covered with bloom. Do not buy "Ocean Spray" or "Carpet of Snow" alyssum as these varieties are of trailing spreading variety and would soon cover your border.

For the blue I chose the beautiful blue Lobelia. There are several named varieties, all good, all low growing.

The phlox and alyssum may be

planted in the open ground where they are to grow. There will be room by moving the pansy foliage aside to make a shallow trench to plant these little seeds. Before planting them, I believe I would work in still another light dressing of well rotted fertilizer. This can be done with a small garden tool without disturbing the pansy roots. The beauty of your border will depend on soil conditions. The heavy planting will demand much food, and these little plants are heavy feeders. The lobelia is more tender, requiring a little more care. These seeds must be started in either window boxes or hot beds, then transplanted later to the bed. I suggest a heavy planting as the annuals must make a rather wide row. These can be thinned out as needed.

You, too, can have an N. R. A. border of lovely national colors this summer. Your florist will be able to furnish pansy and daisy plants, or you can make one of your tulip border. The annuals are so easily grown. Surely there never could be a more lovely or enchanting sight than this border of red, white, and blue with its faithful beauty to gladden all beholders. We who do the planning and planting of course enjoy the greatest amount of pleasure and delight. For it is true that,

"Whoever makes a garden
Has, oh, so many friends!
The glory of the morning,
The dew when daylight ends.

"For wind, and rain, and sun,
And dew, and fertile sod,
And he who makes a garden,
Works hand-in-hand with God."

For Young Mothers

By Holly Baxter Keddington

FOR nearly a year now our home has been made more cheerful by the beautiful singing of a canary that was given to me on Mother's Day by my husband and sons. It was such a delightful gift and the pleasure "Richard's" song has brought to us is unmeasured. Many people don't like pets, but in a home where there are children, some sort of a pet is a necessity. Every child needs the responsibility of the care of a pet, besides the companionship some pets afford. I am sure many homes have had spells of pet fever, as we have, from canaries and dogs through the list of rabbits, kittens, fish, turtles, pigeons, and maybe white rats. We mothers are really the caretakers of most pets or I'm sure there would be more casualties than there are. Maybe through your kindness to these pets good fortune will smile on you, as she smiled on me once. Sometimes I think Dame Fortune shouted aloud, as well as smiled, for this is what happened: I was detained in town longer than I expected to be and as I got off the car, an impulsive, weeping son met me and cried out, "You would be late the time I had a chance to buy a white rat for a dime. Now it's too late." Well, my sorrow at his misfortune was only surmounted by my own joy. So it goes.

A YEAR or so ago a very splendid woman died in the east. She was deeply mourned for her kindness, her charities, philanthropies of many descriptions, yet she claimed her life was a failure because she had never been privileged to be a mother. All the splendid women in the world are not mothers. Millions of mother-like women have spent or are devoting their lives to

the growth and care of some one else's child. Probably you know of just such a person. If you do, is there some way you can show appreciation? Can you imagine the emptiness of a Mother's Day to them? So to the Mothers of one to many children and to those also who are mothers at heart, may I extend this wish? That this and all other days of yours be filled with the comfort, contentment and joy that you so rightly deserve.

God thought to give the sweetest thing
In His almighty power
To earth; and deeply pondering
What it should be—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart
Outweighing every other.
He moved the gates of heaven apart
And gave to earth—a Mother.

—*Lovejoy*

Let Us Go A-Maying

By Estelle Webb Thomas

Let us go a-Maying
As we used to do,
Through the meadows straying
When the world was new.
This is vagrant weather
Let us roam at will,
Hand in hand together
O'er the grassy hill.

Just we two—but ever,
Long ago, ah, me!
Love—young love and laughter
Kept us company!
Let us seek the laughter—
We shall find it, dear,
Love will follow after—
Now that May is here!

Think not such quest tragic
At this distant day,
Seeking life's lost magic,
Youth and love and May.
In our hearts we'll find it
As we used to do,
For we there enshrined it,
When the world was new.

Since Mother Went Away

By Coral J. Black

I've learned a lesson bitter—sweet—
That Life is only made complete
By burdens, difficult to meet,
And bear from day to day;
I've learned to look with broader view
To leave the false, and seek the true,
Humbly my destined way pursue
Since Mother went away.

The world's still beautiful to me—
The lilac plumes, the cherry tree,
The mating birds, the pilfering bee,
She loved them so alway.
I gaze into the tranquil skies—
The star-strewn path to Paradise.
And see Life in a Holier guise,
Since Mother went away.

I've learned to look, with kinder eye,
On all the crowds that pass me by,
For each must suffer, just as I
Upon some fateful day.
But somehow, Heaven seems more near,
I've more of faith and less of fear
Pervading Peace has come to cheer,
Since Mother went away.

A sad sweet something fills the place—
A memory of her dear face,
Filled with the calm of Heaven's grace
To be our guide and stay:
Oh help me, Lord, that I may be
All that my mother wished for me—
My faith and love abide in Thee
Since Mother went away.

The Cost of War

From the Annual Report for 1933 of the Division of Intercourse and Education, by Nicholas Murray Butler, Director

IF it be even partially true that the economic motive is dominant in the mind of most human beings, then there is no more important task before the world's intelligence and the world's scholarship than to make it clear to the public opinion of the people of every nation which hopes to be deemed civilized, how directly the loss, the suffering and the distress which they are now compelled to endure are the effect and the result of the World War. The colossal destruction wrought by that stupendous contest was dramatically set forth in the following statement published in the Congressional Record of January 13, 1928, page 1446.

According to the best statistics obtainable the World War cost 30,000,000 lives and $400,000,000,000 in property.

In order to give some idea of what this means just let me illustrate it in the following:

With that amount we could have built a $2,500 house and furnished this house with $1,000 worth of furniture, and placed it on 5 acres of land worth $100 an acre and given all this to each and every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia.

After doing this there would have been enough money left to give each city of 20,000 inhabitants and over in all the countries named a $5,000,000 library and a $10,000,000 university.

And then out of the balance we could have still sufficient money to set aside a sum at 5 per cent interest which would pay for all times to come a $1,000 yearly salary each for an army of 125,000 teachers, and in addition to this pay the same salary to each of an army of 125,000 nurses.

And after having done all this, we could still have enough left out of our four hundred billions to buy up all of France and Belgium, and everything of value that France and Belgium possess; that is, every French and Belgian farm, home, factory, church, railroad, street car—in fact, everything of value in those two countries in 1914.

For it must be remembered that the total valuation of France in 1914, according to the French official figures, was $62,000,000,000. The total of Belgium, according to Belgian official figures, was in the neighborhood of $12,000,000,000. This means a total valuation of the two countries in 1914 of less than $75,000,000,000.

In other words, the price which the leaders and statesmen of the Entente, including the statesmen of the United States, made the people of the world pay for the victory over Germany, was equal to the value of five countries like France plus five countries like Belgium.

These figures are of well-nigh astronomic proportions. Even they, however, do not tell the whole story. No account is taken of the stupendous additions to these losses which have been and are the result of the economic international war which is raging today with great violence. Unless the world's leadership and the world's statesmanship can bring that economic war to a quick end, it must result and can only result in happenings which would in effect

constitute both national and international economic suicide. Had the march of progress toward a brighter and a happier day not been first slowed down and then halted some six or seven years ago, mankind would certainly have been spared a large part of the suffering which it is now called upon to endure. If the world is to return, and without delay, to the path of progress, it must be given leadership which is not only national but international. It must find minds and voices which can see the whole world and its problems and not merely those of one neighborhood, since important problems which are purely national have almost ceased to exist.

Relief Society Annual Report

FOR THE YEAR, 1933

Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

Cash Receipts			
Balance on Hand January 1, 1933:			
Charity Fund	$ 37,329.71		
General Fund	86,100.01		
Wheat Trust Fund	9,251.99		
Total Balance January 1, 1933		$ 132,681.71	
Donations Received During 1933:			
Charity Fund	$ 79,371.05		
General Fund	75,468.03		
Annual Dues	20,746.24		
Other Receipts	31,429.21		
Total Receipts		$ 207,014.53	
Total Balance on Hand and Receipts			$ 339,696.24
Cash Disbursements			
Paid for Charitable Purposes	$ 83,853.27		
Paid for General Purposes	84,748.68		
Wheat Trust Fund Remitted to Presiding Bishop's Office	55.00		
Annual Dues paid to General Board and to Stake Boards	24,425.53		
Paid for Other Purposes	18,279.73		
Total Disbursements		$ 211,362.21	
Balance on Hand December 31, 1933:			
Charity Fund	$ 37,572.79		
General Fund	80,914.44		
Wheat Trust Fund	9,846.80		
Total Balance, December 31, 1933		$ 128,334.03	
Total Disbursements and Balance on Hand			$ 339,696.24

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

Assets			
Balance on Hand December 31, 1933:			
All Funds	$128,386.10		
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office	405,466.84		
Other Invested Funds	43,190.94		
Value of Real Estate and Buildings	191,362.57		
Value of Furniture and Fixtures	85,733.30		
Other Assets	26,635.15		
		$ 880,774.90	
Stake Board Cash Balances on hand December 31, 1933	$ 27,610.91		
Other Assets	61,262.39		
		$ 88,873.30	
Total Assets			$ 969,648.20
Liabilities			
Indebtedness	$ 437.52		
Balance Net Assets	880,337.38		
		$ 880,774.90	
Balance Stake Board Net Assets		88,873.30	
Total Net Assets and Liabilities			$ 969,648.20

STATISTICS

Membership			
January 1, 1933:			
Executive and Special Officers	11,107		
Visiting Teachers	23,322		
Other Members	32,953		
Total Membership January 1, 1933		67,382	
Increase:			
Admitted to Membership During Year	9,183	9,183	
Total Membership and Increase			76,565
Decrease:			
Removed or Resigned	6,958		
Died	811		
			7,769
Membership			
December 31, 1933:			
Executive and Special Officers	11,372		
Visiting Teachers	24,144		
Other Members	33,280		
Total Membership December 31, 1933			68,796
The Total Membership Includes:			
General Officers and Board Members			23
Stake Officers and Board Members			1,159
Mission Presidents and Officers			99
Number of Stakes			104
Number of Missions			29

Number of Relief Society Ward and Branch Organizations	1,662
Number of Visiting Teachers' Districts	12,406
Number of L. D. S. Families in Wards	129,924
Number of Relief Society Magazines taken	24,157
Number of Executive Officers taking Relief Society Magazine	5,067
Number of Meetings held in Wards	59,446
Number of Stake Meetings Held	2,224
Number of Stake and Ward Officers' (Union) Meetings Held	1,126
Number of Ward Conferences Held	1,423
Average Attendance at Ward Meetings	32,485
Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers	918,663
Number of Families Helped	18,498
Number of Days Spent with the Sick	40,226
Number of Special Visits to the Sick and Homebound	220,188
Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial	1,907
Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Officers	5,985

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

	1931	1932	1933
Paid for Charitable Purposes	$116,448.17	$111,343.23	$ 83,853.27
Total or Present Membership	66,884	67,382	68,796
No. of Relief Society Organizations	1,585	1,567	1,662
No. of Relief Society Magazines Taken	24,956	20,012	24,157
No. of Days Spent with the Sick	44,495	42,313	40,226
No. of Special Visits to Sick and Homebound	204,460	214,637	220,188
No. of Families Helped	17,672	22,207	18,498
No. of Visits by Relief Society Officers to Wards	5,656	5,519	5,985
No. of Visits by Relief Society Visiting Teachers	836,778	881,436	918,663

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Stakes		*Missions*	
Arizona	2,493	Australia	156
California	1,968	Canada	99
Canada	1,288	Europe	4,479
Colorado	549	Hawaii	1,082
Idaho	9,969	Mexico	209
Mexico	209	New Zealand	534
Nevada	796	Samoa	326
Oregon	225	South Africa	134
Utah	36,989	Tahiti	349
Wyoming	1,366	Tonga	130
		United States	5,446
Total Membership in Stakes	55,852	Total Membership in Missions	12,944

Total Membership in Stakes and Missions..... 68,796

(*Note*: In the foregoing report all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the Annual Membership Dues.)

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXI MAY, 1934 No. 5

EDITORIAL

New Government Relief Plan

THE C. W. A. has been superseded by a new form of work and direct relief. The new plan of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration is divided into three programs.

First, direct relief. This will give relief to all who are unable to work and who are in need.

Second, work relief. This division is for the city unemployed. The plan is to limit the work of the jobless strictly to their subsistence needs. Case workers will establish budgets of necessities, determine whether any member of the family is working, or can work, or whether it possesses any available resources.

Employment will be given for not less than 54 hours a month, nor more than 24 hours a week at the current wages of the locality. The Government will plan "work programs which could not normally be undertaken by public bodies but which are at the same time outside of the field of private industry." Work projects may be carried out in:

Parks, recreation grounds, reforestation, water works, sewer systems, streets, municipal power plants, airports, traffic campaigns, musical and dramatical activities, scientific and social research, public buildings, weed eradication, repairing or tearing down houses, cooperative associations, self-help associations, public health programs, nursing, adult education.

Third, relief for rural districts. Here the effort will be to rehabilitate needy families. Cows, pigs and chickens will be bought for them and land provided together with work on projects to pay back as far as possible the capital advanced. No family will be given aid that does not plant and properly care for an adequate garden when the facilities are available.

The needs of "stranded populations," i. e., those living in single in-

dustry communities where there is no hope of future re-employment, such as miners in worked-out fields, will be carefully looked after.

It is to be hoped that this new plan of the President's will help very materially in solving some of the pressing needs of the people.

Mother's Day

MOTHER'S DAY, this year, we are glad to note is to be observed by women's clubs, men's clubs, medical societies, chambers of commerce and other professional and civic groups all joining in community efforts to make Motherhood safe for Mothers.

The Maternity Center Association, a voluntary organization supported by private contributions, has for its object the teaching of the vital need of adequate maternity care and helping to bring such care to all expectant mothers.

The need for such work is evidenced by the fact that though tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and many other enemies of humanity have been brought largely under control, yet mothers still die in childbirth at a rate as high as they did twenty-five years ago.

Mrs. Krech, the President, states that an important step forward is to be taken this year. "In three previous Mother's Day Campaigns, the effort was to arouse the public to the importance of the fact that two-thirds of the maternity deaths are preventable; that 10,000 of the 16,000 women who annually die in childbirth could be saved. The next move, which is to be taken this year, is to do something quite specific and definite about it, with groups working in every community."

Specific changes cannot be made to improve conditions until people study their own local maternity facilities, and determine just what is needed, as phases requiring attention may differ widely in various communities. The Center will furnish blank appraisal forms free by the use of which any group of persons may conduct an investigation into the adequacy of what their own town or county is doing for mothers. Among the questions to be answered are these: Number of maternity beds? Total number of births in the last year? Number of deaths in the last year? Is organized prenatal nursing service provided? Is your hospital approved by the American College of Surgeons?

"Mother's Day in the past," says Mrs. Krech, "has been surrounded with a great deal of sentiment. In the last few years there has been a successful effort to direct this fine feeling toward the important subject of saving mothers from unnecessary death. But emotion alone is not enough. We must have facts, pertinent facts, local facts, so that groups in every community may work with their own physicians, health officers, nursing associations and hospital authorities to alter those factors in the situation which are a barrier to safe motherhood.

"Only by an appraisal of maternity facilities in every community, and study of their quality, can the great step forward be taken. Prizes are to be awarded those gropus which have the highest rating for making a thorough-going survey and presenting a plan for improvement based upon that survey. Programs for club meetings are also available without charge, as well as publicity material for local Mother's Day Campaigns designed to direct sentiments surrounding this occasion into channels that will be productive of results in terms of human lives saved."

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